Thursday, October 1, 1931. Perfect.

Birthdays are epochs in the lives of children; but what grown-up is so blasé that he does not thrill at the sight of a birthday cake, resplendent with candles and decked with flowers? Surely no one could resist admiring the gaily-frosted cake, topped with five gleaming yellow candles which appeared on a table in the old dining room in honor of the fifth birthday of a dainty little guest of the Inn. It is evident that to grown-ups and children alike the Red Horse is a desirable place for a party, and we welcome them all.

Departing from the usual plan of holding the meeting of the Glee Club in the ball-room, the boys gathered in the newly-opened dining room at Dutton Lodge, and, impromptu tho the whole affair was, they rose to the occasion, as it were, and produced some very good sounds. There are several noticeably good voices in the school this year, and we hope to be able to do something which will be a credit to the Inn, as well as a joy to those who take part.

Friday, October 2, 1931. Garfact.

New England Water Works Association
FIFTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION

Excursion over Metropolitan Water Works System

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1931

Luncheon at the famous and historic Wayside Inn Sudbury, Mass.

Buses leave Hotel Statler at 9 A. M.

Courtesy of New England Water Works Association

BOSTON, MASS.
SEPT. 29-30, OCT. 1-2, 1931

Two hundred and forty-six members of the New England Water-works Association descended upon the Inn to-day and had dinner, in the new dining room, in the old one, and on the porch, — no matter where they were seated the chickens disappeared rapidly!

Before the group entered the Inn, there was a picture taken of the entire number, amid much good-natured jostling and joking.

From the Inn the visitors went to the mill and various points of interest about the Inn, and upon leaving the place, planned to visit the Clinton Dam

Our own personal reaction to the affair was that it was well managed, and that above all — the guests were satisfied and departed with smiles on their faces and a cheery word of farewell, which made us feel amply repaid for the work we had done in making things comfortable and pleasant for them

Saturday, October 3, 1931 Farm.

Brigham and Rice Family Reunion

October 3, 1931

At Longfellow's Wayside Inn
South Sudbury, Mass.

Rice, a name long associated with Sudbury history, is one which is likewise connected with Howe; for gentlemen "by the name of Howe" took wives from the clan of Rice, as is noted in the "Genealogy of the Howe Family," a noble volume and one most fascinating to the reader.

Wedding of 1635 to Be Re-enacted

At the joint reunion today of the Brigham and Rice family associations, at the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, the marriage of Edmund Rice, the immigrant, of Sudbury, and Mercy, widow of Thomas Brigham of Yorkshire, England, who came to Cambridge in 1635, will be re-enacted.

The participants will be costumed in the style of 275 years ago when the marriage occurred.

As early as quarter of nine this morning they started to come, these proud descendants of a proud family, and until noon they arrived in ones, twos, or in large groups. And the smiles and good nature of all of them made it a pleasure to welcome them to the Inn.

October 3,- continued.

Business meetings, luncheon, entertainment, dancing, tours of the Inn - all helped to make the day pass pleasantly and quickly for guests and workers alike. Many were the "reunions" - aside from the one which was the cause of the gala occasion; many the times we heard the remark, "Why, it must be at least ten" (or more, or less) "years since I saw you last. How are you? And the children?" "And so on. But it is that sort of thing which makes life worth while - the feeling that the "other fellow" is interested in us and in our work and play.

One elderly man re-lived a part of his youth, and told of various episodes connected with it, among them being an incident which occurred at the Red Horse Tavern in what is now known as the "Longfellow" parlor. It seems that he, in company with other young folks and their parents, was in the habit of attending prayer-meetings in the parlor of the Inn. On one occasion the leader asked if there were any special song which a member of the group desired sung. A cousin of the one who was relating the incident to us, and who had recently been married, spoke up

October 3- continued.

ADDITIONS TO AND CHANGES FROM
VOLUMES ONE AND TWO
and
PAMPHLET NO. 1
of

"The History of the Brigham Family."

By

Emma E. Brigham

With Illustrations by

James F. Bigelow

of

MARLBORO, MASSACHUSETTS.

Second Pamphlet, October 1, 1931.
Published by the Brigham Family Association.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

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http://archive.org/details/waysideinnfrontd1931ways_2

October 3 - continued.

and requested the singing of, "The Mistakes I have made are many." In view of his recently-relinquished bachelorhood, he was often twitted about his choice of a song.

Two hundred and forty-six adults and twenty-two children were present at the reunion, and after all had eaten, they gathered in the large ball-room and witnessed a re-enactment of the marriage ceremony which, over two and a quarter centuries ago, united the families of Rice and Brigham. Old fashioned dancing, with music by Brigham's orchestra, brought forth much applause from the onlookers, who commented on this and that and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

At five o'clock, the visitors were beginning to leave for home, and tho they must have been as tired as we, they could still smile and act cheerful.

Twelve students from Boston Teachers College, viewing the Inn, wondered "what it was all about," but seemed to enjoy their visit none the less because of the many guests swarming thru the rooms.

Anne Dickerson.

10/3/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1931. WARM; SUNNY.

The haze which enveloped the country-side during the early morning hours was dispelled by the bright sunshine of the late forenoon, and the day became one of midsummer mildness, but with a beauty far beyond that of summer. Early frosts have laid light fingers upon the foliage surrounding the Inn, and as we look across the road we see a picture typically New England, typically beautiful; — that of gently rolling slopes, with sheep grazing contentedly upon them, while in the distance a background of gorgeously tinted trees bears witness to the fact that this is indeed the

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!"

A Mr. H. T. Rich, of Rochester, New York, visited the Inn to-day. He told us of his cousin, William Huntington, who was the man who introduced the copper toes for boots to Boston. An amusing incident occurred when the gentleman heard of a pair of copper-toed boots for sale. Much interested, he proceeded to travel several miles in quest of the much-desired footgear, only to discover, upon seeing them, that

October 5 - continued.

they were both for one foot! History fails to relate, however, which foot was the one!

Each season the exclusive Mt. Ida School in Newton sends a large group of students to the Wayside Inn to go thru the building and to roam thru the grounds! To-day there were seventy-seven young ladies who came; they enjoyed not only the Inn itself and its surroundings, but the ever-popular McIntosh apples which are temptingly placed in several of the rooms.

Tuesday, October 6, 1931. Very warm.

Twenty-five ladies were present at the "reception" and dinner of the "Speech Improvement Classes of the Boston Public Schools" last evening. After the dinner, the small ball-room was the scene of a meeting; judging by the comments and expressions of approval of the various guests as they departed, this meeting was a successful one.

To-night a party of seven young women came for dinner. This represented four birthdays and a "shower" for a fifth member of the group. Amid a great deal of fun and hilarity, the shower presents were distributed at the table and the good wishes of the entire group went out to the bride-to-be.

There were four individual birthday cakes; to use the expression of one of the hostesses: "They were the cutest things; I'd have loved one, but no such luck!" There is something about a cake-decorated table that gives it a festive, gala appearance; and when there are four cakes - it seems quite a holiday affair.

About eight-thirty, if one happened to be in the Inn, he might have heard sounds of trumpet, violin, and piano emanating from the large ball-room. The cause of these unwonted echoes was the gathering of some of the boys of the school for the purpose of-

October 6 - continued.

forming a school orchestra. Among some of the older boys, particularly, there is a splendid spirit of coöperation which manifests itself in their willingness to give up another of their evenings to the pursuit of knowledge, in this case, musical knowledge.

"

Wednesday, October 7, 1931. Farm.

A warm, "lazy" day; guests languidly sauntering up to the Inn, where the front door stood invitingly open; a dull, red glow from the fireplaces, and a quiet hum of conversation as visitors passed from one to another — all these and many more were unmistakable signs of early autumn weather. The few bees buzzing about in the old-fashioned garden seemed to gather their nectar in a perfunctory sort of way, while the smell of ripening apples added sweetness to the air and made it heavy with their fragrance. Scurrying chipmunks and business-like gray squirrels added a touch of life to an otherwise listless scene.

Small wonder, then, that seventeen ladies from an Old Ladies' Home should be charmed by the Inn, its setting, and all its contents. This home, on Huntington Avenue, in the Roxbury section of Boston, is on a hill which overlooks the beautiful Metropolitan Park System. This series of well-kept parks with their excellent roads passes thru the city like a bright-colored thread thru some dull and colorless fabric.

Trinity Church, the church of Phillips Brooks, is the sponsor of this enterprise, and the building

October 7- continued.

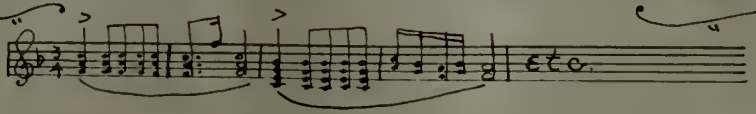
is one of the best-equipped in the city. One lady told a hostess that a dollar a day is paid by the residents, and that this entitles them to all the privileges and comforts of the home. The ladies are, as a rule, happy and contented there; they entertain their friends from time to time, and live in pleasant, sunny rooms which provide a splendid view of the neighboring town of Brookline, with its fine residential section and well laid-out streets.

Thursday, October 8, 1931. Perfect.

"Wedding Group" - Wayside Inn - 10/3/31 -
Brigham-Rice Family Reunion.

The "Groom."

"We Danced the Minuet."



Thursday, Oct. 8- continued.

Another perfect day added to the rapidly growing list of such days, brought guests for dinner, tea, and luncheon. The sandwiches and pickles which have appeared of late on one of our regulation tea-menus, are proving most popular and orders are many. About an equal number of guests, however, prefer the old "standbys", as it were: cinnamon and buttered toast.

The head dietitian of the Children's Hospital in Boston, Mrs. Stewart, came today with four of her assistants and had lunch.

A lesson in singing at the Redstone School proved amusing in one respect. In one of the songs the wonder of a hen as she watched the antics of some ducklings swimming about in a pool was depicted; and the words of a child's mother explaining: "Darling, she can't understand why they swim off from the land" brought forth the following from a wide-awake six-year-old: "Ooh! Miss ——; I don't un'erstand either!"

Glee Club in the large ball-room in the evening, where, if one listened, he might have heard some very good voices, brought

October 8- continued.

the day to a close, and ushered in the quiet and charm of a Rapide Inn evening. As we left for the night, the many lighted windows blinked a friendly farewell, as if to speed us on our way.

"

Friday, October 9, 1931. Fine.

A common custom seems to be for associations and societies in convention in Boston to come to the Wayside Inn for lunch or dinner. The drive from the city, over roads bordered with gorgeous autumn foliage, is always enjoyed by the motorist. To many, in Boston for the first time, the New England landscape offers an ever-interesting, ever-changing picture of prosperity and charm.

The Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association in session this week in Boston, chose to-day to visit the Inn and included lunch-eon in their program. One hundred and fifty-four ladies gathered in the new ball-room and heard the story of the Inn from one of the hostesses, and then went down to the large dining room for lunch. Apparently they enjoyed themselves, for they linger-after their meal and then went to the Redstone School, where they were much interested in the little building, and particularly in the fact that it is still being used as a school.

LADIES EXCLUSIVELY 17
10:30 A.M. Friday, October 9
Atlantic
Deeper Waterways Association
Trip to Lexington and Concord
Luncheon at Wayside Inn
THIS TICKET ADMITS ONE

October 9- continued.

Twenty-four fifth graders from the Laurence School (Waltham, Mass.) came to see us this afternoon.

The senior boys' dancing class was a success, the boys felt, for they seemed to accomplish a great deal in their hour and a half of effort.

"

Enthusiastic Boosters of Inland Waterways in Session Here

FRANK S. DAVIS

GEORGE EDMONDS J. H. MOORE HARRY S. DOWDEN T. WOODWARD TRAINER

There is a battle on to make the Cape Cod canal a far better water passage. The fight will be tackled in earnest at the sessions of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, which is in session here today. Other waterways will be discussed in view of providing more employment. Many recommendations will be made to officials in Washington. Frank S. Davis, of Boston, is seen greeting former Congressman George Edmonds of Pennsylvania. In other group former mayor of Philadelphia, J. Hampton Moore, Harry S. Dowden of Massachusetts and T. Woodward Trainer, mayor of Chester, Pa.

October 9 - continued

-3-

Saturday, October 10, 1931. Cold - crisp.

"Do you think the "Leathernecks" or the "Doughnecks" will win today?" This was the question we heard on all sides this morning before the 'big game' between the two teams mentioned above. Three faculty members and eight boys on each side, the tussle was expected to be a keen one; therefore, to be perfectly safe we joined the army of "Rubbernecks" instead of taking a definite stand for either side. As a matter of fact, it was a good game - the forerunner, we hope, of more to come.

One of the hostesses had eight sorority sisters, all Sigma Kappa girls, for tea this afternoon.

One of the most interesting school groups we have seen for some time came from Chelmsford, (Mass.) High School this morning. Nineteen boys and girls came into the building, and as we passed we heard them telling each other just which character of the "Tales" they'd like to be. "I want to be the Sicilian Youth," said one; while another was equally certain that he would like to be the Theologian. To the hostess who told the story, they were most attentive and courteous.

Anne Dickerson.
10/10/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1931. WINDY.

COLUMBUS DAY.

"From the highways and byways" is a much-used, hackneyed phrase; but it came to us as we viewed the visitors at the Inn to-day. Cars from many states, bus after bus stopping to discharge passengers at our gates, and people on foot all combined to make us feel that they had indeed come from the "highways and byways."

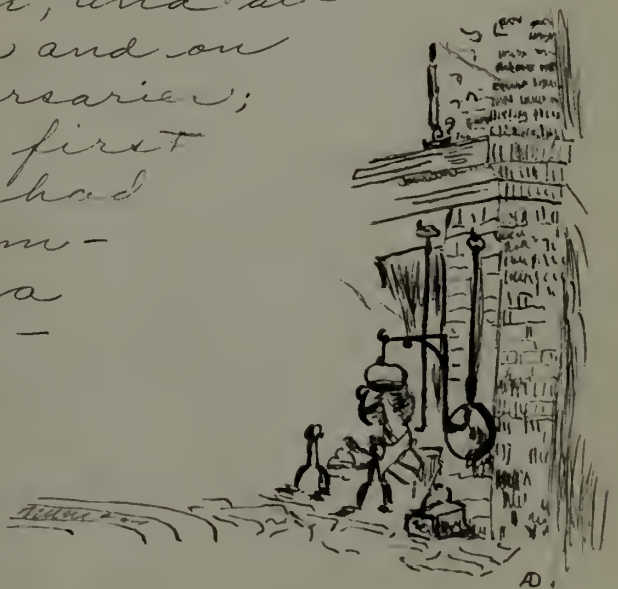
Practically all day long the dining rooms were filled with people, and the gray-clad waitresses were kept busy paging guests. Cheery fires in the fireplaces of both rooms gave an old-time touch of cheer and hominess in keeping with the traditions and character of the tavern itself.

The quote from the pamphlet "Real New England Inns," issued by the L. G. Treadway Service Corporation of New York City, which says, in part, "... New England has a historic background and in that background we find Inns — many of them a real credit to the community. The word Tavern brings memories of the taproom, but in

October 12 - continued.

some way an Inn conjures up thoughts of good food and comfortable lodgings....." True; and it is our desire and aim to make the Wayside Inn carry out those ideas. But we feel, too, that an Inn likewise "conjures up" the thought of hospitality, real and genuine, and carrying out the meaning of the word: "kind entertainment of strangers or guests". So it is that we aim to make our Inn known for its hospitality, as well as for its good food and lodgings.

A party of twelve had luncheon with us, the host making it a practice to come to the Inn every year on Columbus Day. He knew people come regularly on Thanksgiving to the Inn, and also on Christmas and on wedding anniversaries; but this is the first intimation we had had that Columbus Day was a day of celebration for any of our many guests.



Tuesday, October 13, 1931. Norfect.

After yesterday's influx of guests, to-day's visitors seemed few, although the weather was mild and many people came to us. How folks can resist the Inn on these marvelous autumn days is a mystery; but we think that if the truth were known, few do resist it! It's the most natural thing in the world to park one's car opposite the gate, and then to leisurely stroll up the path to the front door, enter, and "keeping to the right," to join a group listening to the story of one of the hostesses.

A small fire at the Hagar barn was the occasion for calling out the fire truck this morning. With its usual bustle and hustle it chugged down the road, but was soon back again, we are happy to say, owing to the fact that the blaze was not large.

Tho all the hostesses have it to some extent, there is one who, more than any other, has the welfare and happiness of the Inn guests at heart. It was she who deftly arranged table decorations for a tea group when she - by chance - discovered that one of the ladies was celebrating her eighty-fourth birth-

October 13 - continued.

day. The sprightly little old lady made a special point of returning to the bar to thank us for the extra courtesy and attention, and her eyes glowed with happiness as she told us she was going to keep her flowers - going to "press" them, as years ago one preserved the blossoms which held tender associations. The last words we heard came floating back to us from the front porch"..... such a pleasant time!"

Wednesday, October 14, 1931. Mild.

To quote one of the waitresses: "we had quite a few people at the Inn to-day." A party of twenty-three came with a Doctor Gallagher and had dinner. They were here for the seventy-ninth annual meeting of the Thurber Medical Association, the oldest independent medical society in the country. Following their dinner, these interesting gentlemen held a meeting in the old ball-room. During the afternoon they had the use of the small ball-room for an entertainment.

A group of ten ladies had luncheon at the Inn and then played bridge in the large ball-room, using prizes they had purchased in the Homestead Products Department of the Market. "A good time was had by all" describes the afternoon spent by these friends.

Three hundred and fifty children came from Worcester, (Mass.), from the "Garden City Works" and were enthusiastic about everything they saw.

One report had it that some "new apples came in to-day and they are 'keen'." (The apples are McIntoshes - naturally, they are "keen"!)

Thursday, October 15, 1931. Rainy.

Twelve students from Norwood, (Mass.) High School came to the Inn. These high school friends of ours are among our most intelligent visitors, and we feel it an honor to show them the house and to tell its interesting story.

The daughter of Mrs. George Hightman, the tennis player and the donor of the Hightman cup, stayed in the Inn bar-room for some time while she waited for her aunt. We mention this fact because of the droll character of the child; or, rather, her droll way of expressing herself on the Inn and its contents.

A fairly prominent composer came to see us to-day, and told of his coming years ago to the Inn with Franklin D. Roosevelt, when both were college students. He was soon launched on what we term a "then-and-now" discourse, and kept the hostesses interested and amused for some time with his reminiscences.

Friday, October 16, 1931. Rainy.

Because it has been some time since such an event has taken place, we are calling attention to the fact that to-day was rainy. Rain in torrents, in sheets, and in gusts came down upon a dusty, parched world. To the downpour was most welcome and very much needed, the glorious autumn foliage suffered somewhat, for the rain beat upon the trees and caused the leaves to fall, leaving the trees, many of them, bare and gaunt-looking.

To see the Redstone children learning to march, practising over and over again the proper way to bow or curtsey, and then it all looking like little angels, (tho the instructors well know they are not!) was in itself a privilege and an education. Evidently the parents who came a-visiting thought so, too; for they watched with interest the way their children danced and marched.

There is a sort of "family-feeling," as it were, in the Wayside Inn Schools, for the older brothers and sisters of the "Mary Lamb" children attend the Southwest School, a scant mile from the Inn. And

October 16 - continued.

so these mothers of the Ped-ston-ers simply settled back a bit and watched the older children when they came at two o'-clock. We think our children dance quite well, and it is a fact that they quickly grasped the idea of the "pas-balance" and "pas-march" steps in the minuet. They enjoy their dance work, and are always eager to learn new steps and figures.

"

Saturday, October 17, 1931. Warm; sunny.

The normal beginning for to-day's chronicle would be some-thing about "October's bright blue weather," and the phrase comes most naturally, for these are "bright blue days." Blue in the sky, the distant hills, the pools and ponds - together with a clean, crisp, clear atmosphere that somehow of itself suggests the same color - small wonder that our sunny front porch should be filled with guests passing in or out of the building.

Early morning brought three boys - of about the envious age of fourteen - to see the Inn. These youngsters were Boy Scouts who had come on bicycles from Leominster (Mass.), thirty miles distant. Who says that antiques haven't an appeal for "Young America"? Judging by the length of time these boys stayed in the Inn, they were far from being bored with the place.

When they decided they had tarried long enough, they politely bade adieu to the hostess; each selected a rosy "McIntosh"; swung lean, capable legs over good-

October 17- continued.

looking "bikes", and were on their way once more.

Why shouldn't we call fourteen an enviable age? What things fourteen can do, which forty would be frowned upon for doing, but which, nevertheless, hold a certain fascination for those who claim two score years for their age. Fourteen is ready for anything in the way of experience or adventure, while forty has come to the point where it hesitates and weighs consequences. We might even say that fourteen typifies America - courageous, buoyant, and sturdy, ready for whatever life may offer and filled with hope (and) and trust in a future which will prove brighter than the present.

"

Anne Dickerson 10/17/31.

"

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1931. MILD; SUNNY.

Sunday, October 18, will be remembered by the Wayside Inn group as a day of sadness; for it marked the passing of one of the greatest men in the history of the world: Thomas Alva Edison.

There is no necessity for us to give a detailed account of his life and activities; both are too well known to need recounting here. Rather would we dwell on the effect his long life of service has had on the thousands, nay, millions who are in the world to-day. There is no one living who has not benefited in the past, and who does not benefit every day of his life because of the intelligence and creative genius of Thomas A. Edison. His inventions, said to number over thirteen hundred, are taken for granted by unthinking multitudes; but because of them, in this country alone, there are eight hundred thousand men employed, with a total yearly salary exceeding a billion dollars.

We like to think of him as the genial man of science; kindly, alert, fond of the simple, quiet life; scorning to use precious hours for the sleep his body craved and needed; and working tirelessly and ceaselessly that the world might be given newer and better means

October 19 - continued.

of carrying on the work of civilization.

In a material way, many have profited more by Edison's inventions than he. Millions of dollars have been paid in wages and in dividends as a result of the untiring energy of this man, yet he leaves the world a comparatively poor man. Not for profit do men of this calibre work, but for the realization of ideas - which are at the same time ideals - and in order that these same ideas may be of practical use to mankind in general and to the world at large.

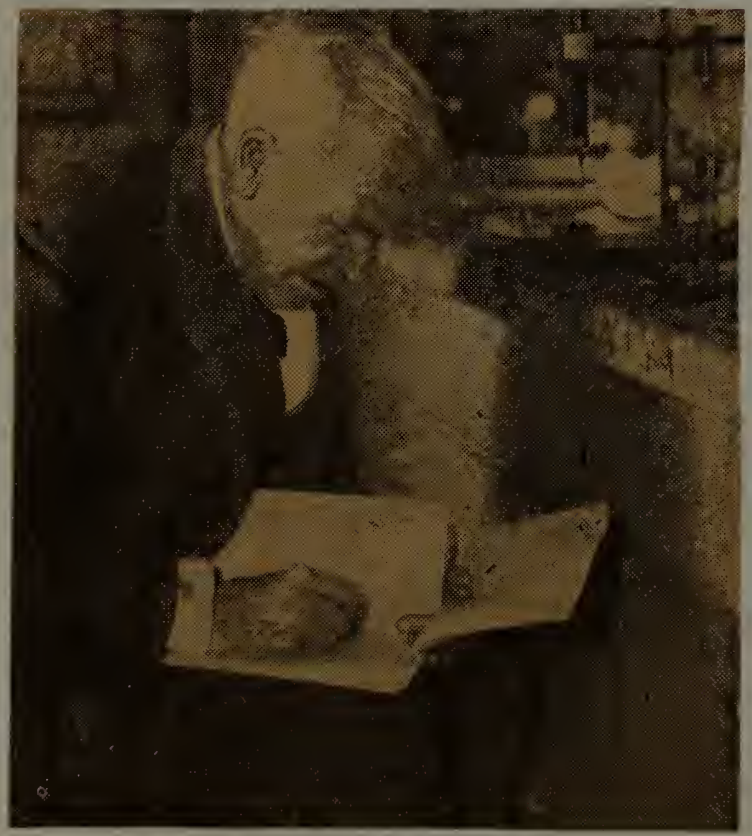
Like Beethoven, the greatest of musicians, this noble example of mankind lived in a world of silence, save for the sounds heard internally as a result of the workings of a marvelous brain. Who shall say that this silence was a curse to either man? Rather, it gave freedom from interference, and time for redoubled concentration and effort.

His life bore out the truth of his statement: "I don't live with the past. I am living for to-day and to-morrow."

October 19, 1931.

Summer of 1930.

"Spot," the little dog that greeted Thomas A. Edison every day on the inventor's walk. The dog seems to sense that his beloved master has gone to his eternal sleep. (I. N. R. photo.)



Thomas Alva Edison, born in Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847; died at West Orange, New Jersey, October 18, 1931.

Tuesday, October 20, 1931. Farm.

All during the day, guests coming to the Inn asked to be shown the room on the second floor where slept the great man whose passing is being mourned by all the civilized nations of the world. The Edison room, with its massive furniture of the Empire period, attracted many who silently stood and mused as they looked at the huge bed in which the great inventor rested when he was a visitor at the Inn.

The sap-bucket in the bar-room drew numbers to it, too, who commented on the neat, exact handwriting of "Thomas A. Edison" as it appeared at the base of the bucket. Always an object of interest to our guests, it has been an even greater attraction these last two days.

A young man came to see us who claimed kinship with Daniel Webster. Inasmuch as this young gentleman bore the same name as his illustrious ancestor, we were glad to welcome him; and the Daniel Webster of 1931 looked with interest upon the "bureau-desk" of the Daniel Webster of the last century.

Wednesday, October 21, 1931. Clear; sunny.

The last tribute was paid Thomas A. Edison tonight, when all over the country lights were dimmed for one minute at 7:59 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

Simple funeral rites marked the burial of the man who, the great, yet lived and thought simply. From the President to the lowest citizen, the memory of one of our greatest men will always be respected and honored, and the United States will be justly proud of the fact that Edison worked in - and for - this country.

OCTOBER 14, 1931.

We believe that the coming and arrival of the new school barge has already been noted by the "chroniclers" of the three Wayside Inn Schools, but this is the first picture we have seen. Inasmuch as the new

October 21- continued.

"bus" has been the subject of a great deal of favorable comment on the part of both pupils and teachers, we think it not amiss to mention its arrival in these pages.

An attractive, ligat-colored equipage, its lettering on front and sides very neatly done, it presents a pleasing appearance as it rolls up to one of the other of the schools, takes on its youthful passengers, and then glides away. An important item is the fact that this is a safe conveyance for the children; and the fact that it is large enough to care for both Southwest and Mary Lamb pupils at the same time makes it doubly efficient.

Twenty-five students from the Worcester, (Mass.), Normal School came to the Inn to-day.

Thursday, October 22, 1931. Fine.

When we reached the Inn at noon we found the parking space filled with good looking cars, with liveried chauffeurs waiting in several of them. On entering the building we learned that there were forty-five ladies in the group which had come to have luncheon and to play bridge.

These women make up the Northboro Committee of the Frances E. Willard Settlement, and are the sponsors of the Ann Judson Pass Home in Northboro, (Mass.)

Purchasing Agents May Convene Here

The executive committee of the National Association of Purchasing Agents opened a meeting at Hotel Statler today which may result in the selection of this city by the association for its convention in 1933. The committee, consisting of 12 members from various sections of this country and Canada, came to Boston on invitation of Sumner R. Keyes, president of the New England Purchasing Agents.

The local body wished an opportunity to demonstrate that Boston has the facilities to handle the convention of 900 delegates two years hence. Following a business meeting, the executive committee planned a sightseeing trip this afternoon.

Fifteen men, members of the National Association of Purchasing Agents, and comprising the executive committee of this Association, came for dinner to-night. Ohio, Texas, Kentucky, California, New York, Michigan, Ontario, Wisconsin, Connecticut, and Massachusetts were represented in the group; a most interesting party of men they were, and appreciative both of their dinners and their surroundings.

Friday, October 23, 1931. Warm.

The morning brought thirty-one girls from the Beaver Country Day School of Chestnut Hill, (Mass.) to see the Inn. Girls from this school often visit us, and always they are pleasant, courteous, and interested.

Later in the day seven Wellesley College students came for dinner. Like the group mentioned above, Wellesley girls are frequent visitors, often hiking from Wellesley to the Inn, where, flushed and eager, they order tea or dinner, and having partaken, bid farewell to hostesses and tavern, promising to return in a short time.

When we were quite young, we had a passion for a round, black cough drop which came in a small package bearing on either side small pictures of two men and the words: "Smith Brothers' Cough Drops." Therefore, it was interesting to us to meet the widow of one of the "brothers" when she came to the market today.

The exercises at the weekly assembly tonight took the form of a short memorial service to Mr. Edison. The dining room of the Dutton Lodge was tastefully and beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums,

October 23- continued.

and a lifelike portrait of the great inventor looked down upon the gathering from its place over the mantel. At the conclusion of a short talk given by one of the instructors, one of Mr. Edison's favorite songs: "A Little Gray Home in the West" was softly played on the organ.

The Friday night dancing class for the senior boys was omitted because of the fact that many of the girls found it necessary to be absent in order to attend a school function.

"

Saturday, October 24, 1931. Farm.

"Fine football weather" is the way we heard to-day characterized by many who came to the Inn, obviously from distant points and for the purpose of witnessing one of the many games scheduled for the afternoon. But no matter which game they expected to attend, there was one point on which they were all agreed: they were hungry, wanted food soon, and wanted lots of it! Thus it was that promptly at twelve o'clock the gray-gowned waitresses began paging the guests who thronged the bar-room.

There was a fairly steady stream of people "en route" to the dining room, where, to the accompaniment of logs crackling in the fireplaces, they lingered over their meals; or if they were "game-bound," ate in a businesslike fashion, tho they seemingly enjoyed it as much as their more leisurely neighbors.

Eighteen ladies from the Boston Y.W.C.A. came to the Inn - not bound for a football game! - but to see the house and all it contained. Sight-seeing visitors were many, and the day was a busy, happy one, a fitting ending for a busy week.

Anne Dickerson.
10-24-31.

Wayside Inn Journal

October 26, 1931. Fair

A ride through the old road to the Wayside Inn seems changed as if overnight! Many of the trees are bare but some of the autumn coloring is left. How vivid were the leaves overhead as one rode through, but now a path of fallen leaves is strewn before us. The cold days of the winter and the snow glistening in the golden sunlight will only add to the beauty and charm of our old Inn.

Forty two students of the Hardy School, Waltham, Mass., were guests at the Inn today. Such fun it was for them to look back in the world of their forefathers.

We also enjoyed the visit of eight young ladies from the Walnut Hill School of Natick, Mass. They hiked part way and after their arrival had lunch at the picnic grove. Afterwards a tour was made of the many places of interest about the Inn and each place fascinated them, the first more than the last and then the last more than the first.

Our schedule changed this week for a short while. Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Poole have joined the teaching staff during Miss Wickerson's absence.

October 27, 1931. Perfect

Our first "Old Kitchen Dinner" took place tonight. Mr. Van Schaick, host to a group of eleven friends who gathered to welcome and bid farewell to one of the party at one time. It seemed like old times seeing several of the gentlemen once again and the first dinner served in the old kitchen this year was a mighty pleasant one. After dinner the group assembled about the fireplace in the bar room.

Copying a paragraph from "The Little Red Farm" written by Mr. Van Schaick —

"There is a magic about the fireplace. Elizabeth Woodbridge says that it lights up all the lovely bits of the room, and about the unlovely ones it throws a thick mantle of shadow. Then she adds: 'Nor does it play only about the fair hours of our past, making them fairer, it also vaguely multiplies them so that for one real occurrence we see many."

As the group gathers and talk across the table how true does this statement seem "Let us magically multiply our good times — the good traits of our friends, and all the good hopes we share — and let us give to the flames all the others, to be whirled up the chimney and over the hills and far away."

October 28, 1931. Rainy

Today proved rather unpleasant in a weather view, and the Inn seemed as though "ole man winter" had wrapped his blanket about her. The fireplaces, however, glowed magically as the rain came tap, tap against the windows.

With the cold weather coming faster and faster all the atmosphere seems to change and we turn to new fancies and look for different things. Very soon Thanksgiving will be here, leading the parade of turkeys and other goodies, but let us not forget the real meaning of the day. We should give thanks to the Lord for the goodness he has shown to us by bestowing upon us the needs we have in this world.

Seventeen students from the Southboro High School Southboro Mass. went through the Inn this morning. Their interest was shown by the enthusiastic way they accepted the hospitality of the Inn.

The regular dancing class for the junior frays was held this evening. The "dancing partners" arrived promptly at seven and the last waltz was not at all welcome. The victrola did good work, deserving a

October 28, 1931 continued

hand, but I'm sure Miss Dickinson will be received with heartfelt appreciation for her musical talent shown at each dancing class.

October 29, 1931 Rainy

On a day like today we feel that the Inn remembers and relives the days of old. On such a day the second group of "Tales" were told. Morning begins, colorless and leaden with a cold, unceasing rain driving against the window panes. Even the trees seem to wrap their colored garments disconsolately about them. A sea of fog surrounds us. Grey wraiths of mist creep stealthily to the windows like ghosts of the past returning to the haunts of their mortal days. Each sound came muffled through the sea of fog. It was silent save for the dripping rain.

Mr. Arthur Bias, Manager of the Municipal Lighting Department of Reading, Mass. came for dinner at noon with forty seven friends from different parts of Massachusetts. This department is a state organization. A meeting was held in the old ballroom with Mr. Vahey of Boston as guest speaker.

Although weather conditions were most unfavorable, tonight proved quite active. Fourteen guests had dinner in the old kitchen and this marked the second one of the week. Mrs. Albert B. Sampson President of the Marlboro Woman's Club, was hostess,

October 29 1931 continued

and Mrs. Carl V. Shrader, State President, was also present. The dinner turned out to be a great Hallowe'en party, with lots of funny hats and black and orange favors. It brought together the officers who are to preside at the Wyonburst ballroom tomorrow night where more than eighteen hundred members are expected to attend.

A "cunning" birthday surprise came true tonight when three young ladies had dinner at a table previously prepared in the old dining room. A cake and candles were arranged by the waitress and although they expected to be disappointed because of their late arrival, the event of a birthday should always be happy and this certainly was.

October 30, 1931. Warner

The grey fog which for the past week had wrapped his woolen cloak about the shivering limbs of late October has lifted for the day and once more the beauties of Indian summer appear. This is one of the few warm days left and soon the rustling trees will stand mute and shadowless against the cold grey November sky. They seem to be mourned at the death of a beautiful summer.

Mrs. Veale was mistress of ceremonies at the Dutton Lodge tonight and her plan of events proved to draw many hearty laughs from a receptive gathering of boys. A Halloween skit was the main feature of the assembly.

The children of the Mary Lane and Southwest Schools did not have dancing this afternoon because of the teachers' convention which Miss Allen and Mrs. Bennett attended. The boys however came in good number tonight with Mrs. Veale in charge as customary.

Tonight has seen a slight change in atmosphere. The warmness has changed and cooler air felt, with a little rain, but in the form of mist. The moon is unseen, save for a peep to earth between the passing clouds.

October 31, 1931. Clear & colder

Hallowe'en! Each year it means the same old story of witches and ghosts haunting secluded spots, making them terrific noises, dealing with such terrible things. It is the same old spirit! What a night for the witch rides.

Clarence H. DeMar, the famous marathon runner, was a visitor at the Inn this morning. Nine students from Keene Normal School (New Hampshire), where Mr. DeMar is a teacher, came with him.

Mr. Abbott of Cambridge, Mass., a student at Harvard University, was host at a formal dinner party in the red kitchen tonight. Young students from other colleges and numbering eleven were his guests. The spirit of hallowe'en was with them and lighted pumpkins added to the candle lighted kitchen. After dinner Mr Abbott and friends went to the ballroom to enjoy a few old fashioned waltzes. Their appreciation was graciously extended and all promised to come again.

A surprise hallowe'en party was held for Richard Heatz, a small Boston youngster. Richard, however, came attired in a very becoming black and orange costume, carrying a jack o' lantern

October 31, 1931 continued

which lighted each time the button was pressed. The hostess enjoyed it as much as Richard, perhaps more. Their table in the old dining room was decorated for the occasion and all wore real Hallowe'en hats. All together the dinner proved to be a real success.

The boys had their Hallowe'en party and dance at the Addicks Farmers Barn. The victrola was the "orchestra" and to be sure, a good time was had by all! Cider and doughnuts were served but a bit of hay now and then only added to the fun. The evening was spent in games and entertainment and the "costumes" were most original. Ringing door bells and such is always a Hallowe'en trick but most folks are aware of the "pin trick" so other tricks were turned. No damage done, no harmful play, and everybody enjoyed their day.

Doris Merrigan

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL

MONDAY, NOV. 2, 1931. SUNNY; WARM.

PARMENTER HOUSE.

A low, solidly constructed Cape Cod cottage, built more than two centuries ago; its exterior a deep red made darker by exposure to sun and rain, its interior filled with all the warmth and cheer three friendly fires cowed furnish; an iron kettle merrily bubbling on the crane, and a smell of "brewing" coffee; the indescribably sweet, faint odor of the McIntosh apples which filled several large wooden bowls and which added a touch of color to the som-

November 2 - continued.

her wood-work of the rooms: such was the picture which greeted several of the Inn-folk recently, when they gathered at the Parmenter house to take "pot luck" and to enjoy themselves for a few hours.

The large chimney in the center of the house furnished ample draught to cause the wood in the three fireplaces to blaze merrily, and to keep the self-appointed wood-gatherers busy replenishing them. To add to the coziness of the scene and to make it still more cheerful and homelike, a brisk rain pattered on window-panes and roof, and an occasional hiss was heard as a stray drop found its way down the chimney and on to one of the roaring fires below.

An hour or so of talk and "visiting"; then the sky cleared a bit and the musically minded of the group made their way to Framingham Centre to attend an organ recital at one of the churches there. This concert was given by Mr. Harry Upson Camp, of Reading, a friend to the boys of the school as well as to the Inn staff; for it was at his home that a number enjoyed a program of music one evening.

November 2-continued.

last spring.

Mr. Lamp is not only an organist-he is, first and foremost, a genuine music-lover, and in particular the music of his chosen instrument. He does what very few musicians can do: he builds his instrument. In this way, naturally, he has a fuller, deeper understanding of it than does one who merely plays.

It was a most enjoyable candle-light service, and at its close the organist and his wife returned with the Wayside Inn group "to the party," as one of the youngsters remarked. And party it became, indeed; for an enormous roast turkey had appeared during our absence and was basking, seemingly, in the warmth and glow of the open fire.

Eighteen gathered at the table-two children at either end. Two more, too young to be seated with the rest, crowed and gurgled from vantage-points of carriage or barricaded chair. It might well have been a Thanksgiving feast-all the "fixin's" were there-and the demand of a person in authority for a "drum-stick" was not ignored. Delicious Inn cider

November 9- concluded.

did its part toward making the meal a success; and as the last red napkin was folded and the last sigh heard, there was a general, tho leisurely movement toward the room where the tiny organ stood.

An hour of singing, the singers having no light save that from flickering candles; more cider, more apples; and a feeling of contentment and good cheer overspread the assembly. This was enhanced by the ruddy glow and warmth thrown about the room by the blazing logs.

The children made a pretty picture as they stood in the center of the room and sang a hymn, their sweet little piping voices clear and distinct above the sound of the organ.

As the moon rose pale and watery thru the rapidly moving clouds, the happy gathering started to break up, and one by one bade good-night to the hostess and started the homeward journey.

Tuesday, November 3, 1931. Sunny.

Women's clubs often come to the Inn for luncheon and a meeting or bridge afterward. To-day sixteen members of the Cubberndale, (Mass.), Women's Club came for tea and to see the house.

A most interesting man, together with his equally interesting wife, was an over night guest of the Inn. A Mr. Teel, of Indianapolis, head of the archaeological work of the state of Indiana, and recently a guest of the group working in Yucatan securing measurements for reproductions of early American building, he had many very interesting things to tell of his work.

The Maya civilization has always held a fascination for us, and we have always read with avidity anything that came our way. A most interesting race, they surpassed all other American Indian tribes in their architecture and in their carving in stone, and were the most advanced of the North American aboriginal races.

These people, tho they were entirely without iron tools, were able to erect fine buildings of stone, carved with remarka-

November 3- continued.

ble and beautiful designs. Upward of forty ancient towns, built by the Mayas, have been unearthed in the wild forests of Yucatan and Central America, covered with a dense growth of trees and tangled vines. Paved roads of stone connected these cities one with the other.

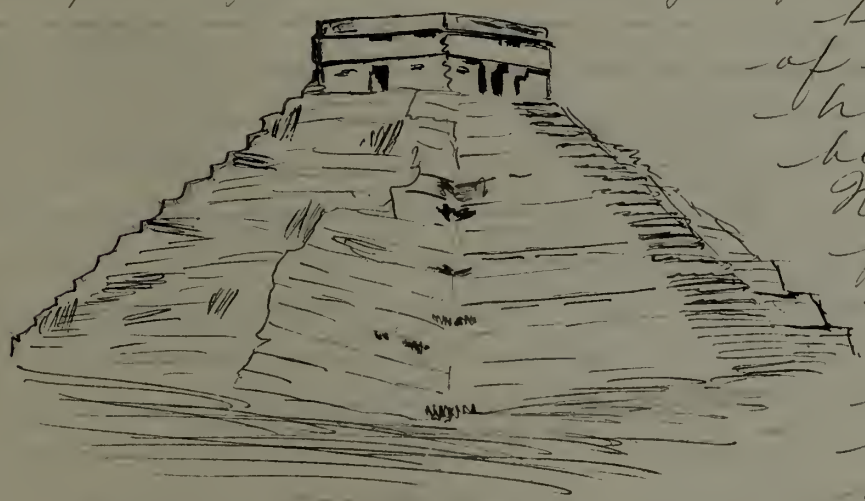
In some cases the buildings were set upon a great flat-topped mound, with sloping sides and rectangular base and summit. Up one side of the mound would be a flight of stone steps, and the base of these steps would be guarded by a stone image of some wild beast or, perhaps, a pair of great serpents.

The buildings themselves are very long, flat-topped, one story high, and contain many rooms. The interior of the rooms was often elaborately decorated- the walls sometimes covered with stucco, on which were painted in brilliant colors scenes which furnish much information as to the dress, manners, gods, and worship of the people.

The Sacred Well- wherein was supposed to dwell Yum-Chac, the rain god of the Mayas, and where human sacrifices

November 3 - concluded.

To the god were made in the hope of bringing rain to a parched world, is one of the gruesome relics of this otherwise highly-developed civilization. The "Well of Death" seems a more appropriate name. A maiden, loveliest of the tribe, was sacrificed amid royal splendor and with religious ceremony, and escorting her on her way to the Rain God's palace was a warrior, selected from among the bravest of the nation's youth. Together - she in bridal attire and he in his armour - they were hurled, many feet to the dark, leaden waters, seventy feet from the top of the Well.



The mystery of the Mayas has never been solved. No one knows from whence they came, nor what caused them to disappear and leave their marvelous cities. Their disappearance is as astounding as the record they have left behind them of their existence. Truly, they were the "Greeks of early America."

Wednesday, November 4, 1931. Farm.

Our English cousins are among our most appreciative guests. Old houses, to them, are not rarities by any means; but there is a charm about our Inn which appeals to them and which reminds them, perhaps, of buildings at home. A fascinating woman, typically English, who came from Kirkland, England, told us of her home - an old house dating back to between fourteen and fifteen hundred (1400 - 1500). The house, she said, is of stone, as are many English places, the stone covering a layer of mud which, beside being a sort of mortar, forms splendid insulation. Part of the house is Georgian, and is a splendid example of the work of that period.

One room from this house, sent to a New York museum, was sold by a relative for $75,000.00. To us that seems a stupendous amount to be paid for a single room, but museums count not the cost when a much coveted addition is made to their collections.

The hooked rugs in the Inn held a great deal of interest for a young Syrian who came to see us. He hooks rugs, and also makes models of ships: clipper ships, sailing ships - all kinds of ships. And so, to use his own

November 4, continued.

expression, he had "a great time looking around." Most people do, whether their particular interest is in rugs, furniture, pewter, or any of the various other treasures with which the house is filled.

Thursday, November 5, 1931. Fine.

A friend to those who are at the Inn is Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, congresswoman from Massachusetts. She has not visited us for some time, but to-day she came to see us and brought three friends with her. Full of enthusiasm, as usual, and gracious and pleasant to all, she told us she had been flying - west, south, and west again - since she last saw us.

An incident occurred which was amusing and which caused some comment among the guests as they looked at the names on the register for to-day.

A gentleman entered, paid his admission fee, and wrote his name in our guest book. A woman, soon afterward, remarked as she signed the book, "Ah, look! Here is Henry Ford's signature. Is he here to-day?"

Upon being told that Mr. Ford was not in Sudbury, she seemed rather disappointed; but she evinced appreciation when the landlord's "namesake," hearing the conversation, spoke up and said: "My name is Ford: and Henry at that, but I come from Boston. Often my mail contains

November 5. (continued)

letters intended for the Henry Ford, in Michigan."

Examination of the guest-book revealed the fact that this man's signature is surprisingly like that of our Innkeeper. During the remainder of the day there were several inquiries as to the identity of Henry Ford, of Boston.

At approximately the same time, there were several luncheon parties of four persons each, two of five, one of seven, and one of eight. This gave the house a rather festive air, not at all out of keeping with the near-holiday season.

Friday, November 6, 1931. Fine.

Scarcely recognizable are the stately elms in front of the Inn. Gaunt, bare, stripped of the leaves that hid every twig and branch during the summer months, these trees present an almost pathetic spectacle. Were it not for the fact that we know they will put forth new garments of green as soon as the cold of winter is past, we should indeed feel desolate.

Every line and corner of the Inn is discernable as one approaches the building. Where before delicate greenery hid casements and shingles, the entire building is now revealed and one realizes just how large the old tavern really is.

Dancing classes, as is the case on Fridays, filled the afternoon and evening. A most enjoyable time was the Dutton Lodge assembly. Several distinguished guests were in attendance and the whole affair had that jolly, get-together-aspect which has made of these gatherings a success since the beginning.

Seven overnight guests made the third floor seem indeed inhabited; and lights twinkled from all the windows as if challenging the chill wind to blow them out!

Saturday, November 7, 1931. Cold.

The coldest day thus far this season was, nevertheless, one of the clearest, most brilliant we have seen. A perfect day for football games, it saw many cars upon the highways, bound for this or that battle, and spinning along like so many tops.

Two of the overnight guests had as their guest Sir Thomas Lewis, one of the leading medical men in the world to-day, and the leading investigator in England of heart-disease. Sir Thomas comes from the University College Hospital of London, and he was induced to sign our special register. He willingly complied with our request, his only remark being that he thought we were making a huge mistake when we asked him to sign.

Winter is indeed coming. Another old kitchen dinner - for eight - was a feature of this evening's program for the old Inn; while a party of twenty-eight (the Thipple Company of Natick, Mass.) arrived at 6:30 to partake of our hospitality.

Thus ended a pleasant week in the autumn. Not too busy to prevent enjoyment, yet busy enough to keep us all "on the mobe", the week was a happy one.

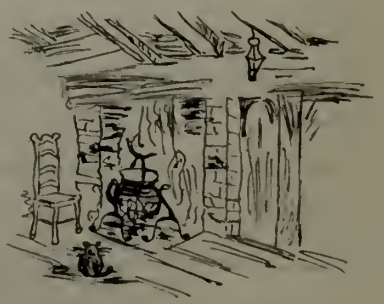
Anne Dickerson.
11/7/31

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1931. WARM.

One who might well be styled a "local" artist came to see us today. He comes from the neighboring town of Concord, and is a painter in oils whose works have been on exhibition in Boston, and at the Concord Art Museum. His work has been used for Literary Digest covers, and is quite popular. A painter of portraits, Charles Pepper was interested in all we had to show him and seemed to enjoy being at the Inn.

Another Concord man, and one known in this country and abroad as an advocate of the best in music, the one who, perhaps, more than any other, is responsible for the raised standard of the music being taught in the schools throughout the country, came to us in a sort of advisory capacity this afternoon, Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette, who, as a young man, played at Emerson's funeral, and who is as widely read as any, not only in music but in literature as well, had tea at the Inn and gave some very valuable advice in connection with the musical work among the boys of the Boys School. Singing all his remarks was a strain of respect and admiration for our old house, and for the way in which our "land-



November 9- continued.

"Lord" has refrained from "overdoing" things. Coming from Mr. Surette, who has a love and knowledge of things English, thru long association with them, we took this to be praise indeed. "It is kept the atmosphere," he kept repeating.

At seven o'clock Professor Schell and his "Rapids Group" of twelve had dinner. To us, this means winter is once again "just around the corner", for these men come often in the course of a season. And how they enjoy themselves! What good cigars they smoke! The bar room is aromatic from the smell of "the ripened weed" long after the last guest has departed.

Anne Dickerson.
11/9/31

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday - November 10, 1931

Although to-day was a warm, almost spring-like day, we had very few guests. They are probably conserving their energies for the holiday.

The girls from the Southwest school had their weekly sewing lesson in the ball room. One can tell that they consider coming to the Inn a great treat!

All the brasses have been polished till they shine brilliantly in the dimness of the rooms. The copper kettle in the Washington Dining Room is greatly admired. The warmth of the copper has a greater appeal than the more blatant brilliance of brass. One of the hostesses suspected that the Betty lamp in the Longfellow Parlor had a copper cover. After a vigorous scrubbing a bit of copper did appear and now we have a very unique Betty with a shining copper cover.

An unusual incident occurred to-day which expressed an emotion and idea which is experienced by us all to a certain extent. A group of people, strangers to one another, were being shown the Inn. Before they left the strangers were no longer strangers. One of the women shook hands with another and almost tearfully said, "To think we meet here in such a friendly way and we will probably never see one another again." Longfellow expressed this idea in the Theologian's tale, Elizabeth.

Tuesday cont.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again
and a silence."

On quiet evenings it is a pleasure to sit in the parlor and listen to the ticking of the two old clocks. If you remain for a few moments and shut out all thoughts of the present the spirit of the Inn will reenact many of the scenes of former days. Longfellow and Treadwell saunter in from dinner arguing for a moment, a question of ethics. Isaac Edrehi comes in alone, draws up a chair, and stares moodily into the fire. Henry Wales and Ole Bull follow. The former idly turns the pages of a book while Ole Bull tunes his violin with the air of one awakening a sleeping child. Soon Luigi Monti enters followed by the landlord who brings more wood to replenish the fire. Presently the musician swings dreamily into a lilting melody and all pause to listen.

Even on the busiest days one feels the presence of these personages though they are partly submerged by the more dominant spirits of our guests who come to visit the setting of the tales. But, on quiet evenings as these, they live again, and even the most unimaginative is drawn under their spell.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Wednesday - November 11, 1931

In many places Armistice Day was observed by a minute of quiet and contemplation. No such moment could have been observed at the Wayside Inn at any time. A bright warm day helped to make this one of the busiest days of the year. The dining room had a greater proportion of guests than usual.

Unfortunately the hostess staff was greatly depleted to-day. Miss Dickerson has not been here since Tuesday and Mrs. Poole has also succumbed. We hope they will be with us again soon. Miss Allen very kindly gave us her holiday and helped greatly in the afternoon. In the evening she played for the dancing class. Miss Walker assisted at the bar during the afternoon.

An amusing question was asked by a guest. "Did men wear boot jacks over their boots like snow shoes?" They would, no doubt come in handy for winter sports.

Only one large group came through the day. Twenty-five Holy Cross students were told the story in the morning. They returned in the evening for dinner. After dinner they took possession of the Inn. Some watched the dancing class in the ballroom. Others gathered in the bar room to smoke and discuss the Center-B.C. game which they had just attended. Still another group gathered in the Old Kitchen and sang songs accompanied by a ukelele.

Wednesday – cont.

They left for Worcester about nine o'clock after putting off the hour of departure as long as possible. What would Longfellow and his associates have thought had they walked in on this jolly group!? I believe they would have joined the fun and made the boys feel immediately at ease.

Louis Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Thursday – November 12, 1931

The smell of snow is in the air, a clean crisp tang which means that Winter will soon be blowing in for a four or five month visit. How lucky we are, here in New England to have our varied seasons! How keenly we will appreciate the brightness and warmth of June after the drab rawness of November! Yet even these days, the ugly ducklings of the family of days, are not devoid of color. If one looks closely one can find, in the landscape, the rich and mellow beauty of an oriental rug whose colors have been subdued by wear and age.

Arriving at the Inn early this morning we set out on a tour of exploration. We walked through the parking place, across the new road, to examine, at close range, a gnarled old oak which stretches its great limbs over one of the loveliest picnic spots we have ever seen. We travelled along the dirt road toward Framingham and turned off to the right on a more narrow road. We saw the Parmenter House for the first time with its atmosphere of dignified simplicity which is so definitely New England. We turned right on the Nixon road and came out at the General store. Several live turkeys are on display here, blissfully unaware of the annual slaughter which will end their lives in a few weeks. Finding our time somewhat limited,

Thursday – cont.

we had to sprint down the old Post Road. We frightened some sheep munching peacefully by the side of the road, and, much to our surprise discovered their great agility when they jumped nimbly over the stone wall wagging their tails behind them.

We had a quiet day at the Inn but the peacefulness was very welcome after the rush and turmoil of yesterday.

Louis Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Friday,— November 13, 1931.

This year November is as full of surprises as changeable April. To-day has been warm and sunny. A stiff breeze has been cavorting about in a most impudent manner, plucking at peoples' clothing, as if to say! "Forget your troubles - come and play with me." The leaves, in response to the windi urging, dance merrily over the highways. Perhaps it is, as Longfellow called it, their dance of death but certainly they cannot be aware of it.

We have a new hostess, Miss Marcou, of Northboro. She is a graduate of the Garland School of domestic science and has also studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

A gentleman of the old school came for dinner to-day, General Francis Henry Appleton. He is eighty-five years old, one of the chosen few on whom Time has laid his hand most lightly. He told us that there is a Goddard buggy in Dearborn which he presented to Mr. Ford. General Appleton takes particular interest in Longfellow's connection with the Inn because Fannie Appleton, Longfellow's first wife was his ancestor. Mr. Appleton has filled many interesting positions. He was president of the Essex Institute for many years, national president of the Sons of the American

Friday - cont.

Revolution, president of the Perkins Institute for the Blind and on the Massachusetts board of agriculture. He has also sat in the House and the Senate of this state. Mr. Appleton lives on Marlboro street, Boston, on the site of the place where he used to skate as a boy, when Back Bay really was a bay. Coming in contact with interesting people like this adds zest to the position of hostess.

In the evening the weekly assembly of the boys was held in the large dining room at the Inn. Following this the weekly dance was held in the ballroom with Mr. Verrichioni officiating. The onlookers seem to derive as much pleasure from these dances as the participants. How impossible it is to remain keyed up to the tension of every day living when watching or taking part in these old dances

Lois Towne

Saturday – November 14, 1931

On a day like to-day it almost seems as if the world were devided into two parts, those who are attending The Game and those who wish they were. One can almost feel the expectant hush before the kick-off and the thud of the punter's toe as he sends the pigskin flying down the field.

The day of a big game is usually a busy one for us. Mrs. Bennett helped out from five until nine.

In addition to the usual guests we had a dinner party in the old kitchen. These are charming. One does not need to imagine himself back in the past, as he steps into the room he is in the past. Dinner is being prepared – the pots are gurgling contentedly over the fire. The droma from the roast could make an Epicurean bow down and do homage. The pewter on the dresser glows softly in the candle light and the red apples and hanging bunches of yellow corn add a pleasing color note to the picture.

Lon Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday, November 16, 1931

This has been another in a succession of sunless days. A light drizzle fell intermittently through the day. Though the temperature was not low, a penetrating rawness in the air gave the warmth of the Inn and the ruddy cheer of the fireplaces an especial appeal. Guests linger longer on days like this and seem to enjoy the atmosphere even more than on a summer's day.

The Homestead Products department has been very busy lately. They have an unusually good new stock in preparation for the Christmas trade. There are lovely linens at astonishingly low figures, charming colorful mats made by southern women, Priscilla work boxes, delicately colored hand woven shawls, etc.

Tastefully arranged on a Welsh dresser is a new collection of glass and china, exquisite Staffordshire figures, modern Steigel glass and Mexican porridge dishes.

On a low black shelf are gaily colored strawberry jars after the Italian style, and other bits of pottery in dull colors of good structural design.

Fascinating to children is the collection of dolls, each with a complete wardrobe. Caravans of small soap animals are waiting to furnish amusement in the Saturday night bath.

These are but a few of the things shown at the store which furnish a veritable treasure chest for its visitors. Small wonder that the following of regular customers is constantly increasing.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday, November 17, 1931

Though no rain actually fell to-day the chill of rain was in the air. On this kind of a day night creeps swiftly over the fields on swift goblin feet and almost before we know it we are surrounded with darkness.

We have been perusing the menu for Thanksgiving dinner. Looking forward to Thanksgiving is always half of the enjoyment of this day. And, what a menu! It would make even the most matter of fact eater hungry with anticipation. The feature of the meal is announced with due honor - "Roast - Spring - Milk Fed - Hen Turkey" with Stuffing and Giblet Gravy. Everything else which should go with a New England Turkey dinner is there, squash, onions, celery, Indian Pudding, Pumpkin Pie, Plum Pudding and cider. And best of all, most of the dinner consists of Wayside Inn Farm Products. Thanksgiving at the Wayside Inn should be long remembered.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Wednesday, November 11, 1931

This has been another dreary day, warm, with a clinging dampness in the air.

Early this morning a sprightly old gentleman of almost seventy years visited us. He is on a sightseeing tour, traveling alone. We are sure that he has captured the fire of eternal youth for it shows in his ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes. At the other end of the life span we have a little tot, aged two, who helped to celebrate her birthday by a trip to the Inn. Almost as soon as she entered the bar room she spied the tiny ladderback chair by the safe. This she made her very own and it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded to leave her new fascination.

Helen Woods, of Springfield had dinner here this evening. She showed us the Coolidge lamp which she has designed. It is an exact replica of the lamp by which Colonel Coolidge, as Justice of Peace, swore his son into office at the old homestead in Plymouth.

The customary Wednesday night dancing class met in the Inn at eight o'clock. Due to stubbornness on the part of the accompanist, a victrola, the evening closed about nine o'clock.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Thursday, November 19, 1931

Removal of the screens from the windows officially closed the Fly season to-day. The windows have been polished to a gleaming brightness.

Two student priests walked from the Catholic school in Weston to visit us to-day. The great interest shown by these students makes it a pleasure to have them as guests of the Inn.

Miss de Mille instructed the girls sewing-class from the Southwest school to-day. They have been working on samplers. The results have been most successful, neat, colorful rectangles of sampler linen with the pupils name, the name of the School and the date.

Salem Gibralters are being sold in the Home Products shop. "Historic Salem!" This immediately suggests Hawthorne, Witchcraft, and a once prosperous seaport; but besides these interesting features there is a delight, especially to those who have a "sweet tooth" in associating the toothsome 'Gibralter' with this old city. The history of this candy includes a bit of romance concerning its origin. "Early in the nineteenth century an English family, Spencer by name, sailed for this country. On the passage they lost all their worldly goods in a shipwreck and the family arrived in Salem in a rather destitute condition. They took up a residence in North Salem, on Buffum Street, and such were their privations that their neighbors determined to offer assistance. It became known

Thursday - continued

that Mrs. Spencer was a candy maker, so a barrel of sugar was donated. It was this barrell of sugar which laid the foundation of the now well-known 'Salem Gibralter' business."

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Friday, November 20, 1931

We have been surrounded by a thick fog which leaves its sheet of cold wetness everywhere.

This afternoon the two grammar schools had their dancing lessons with Miss de Mille as instructress.

On the wall of the Washington dining room hangs a dim old mirror, a romantic emblem of a quaint custom of other days. When a young man wished to ask for his sweetheart's hand he gave her a mirror. If she wished to accept him she looked in the mirror and if not she ignored it. Thus she saved herself and her lover from the embarrassment of a brutal 'no'. Our mirror must have been loved and cherished. We wonder if the spirits of the old sweethearts sometimes casts a spell or charm over the favored ones who look into its depths to-day. Not long ago a guest told us that she and her husband first met at a dinner party here. Together they gazed into the mirror. One year later they held their engagement party here. The next year they came again for part of their honeymoon. Another girl and her escort peeped into the mirror on their way to the kitchen. The magic mirror cast its spell! In the old kitchen he proposed and later was accepted. A couple from Buffalo, who spent a night of their honeymoon in the Lafayette room twelve years ago, returned to renew old memories.

We wonder if the spirit of our courting mirror, remembering the first

Friday - continued
lovers it reflected, does not rejoice as
it reflects the happiness of the lovers
of to-day.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Saturday, November 21, 1931

Even the sun couldn't resist turning out for the Harvard–Yale game. We were busy during the noon hour and in the evening with loyal Harvard and Yale rooters. The spirit at noon seemed to be decidedly New Haven as the Inn made an appropriate place for these people to dine on their way to the Stadium.

A very interesting group from Rhode Island visited us in the afternoon — a Judge Fitzsimmons, three lawyers and a Consul, Heoliveira Aguas, of Lisbon, Portugal. Mr. Aguas was very much interested in material concerning Isaac Edrehi, the Spanish Jew, and Luigi Monti, the young Sicilian. He seemed to have a kindred feeling for these Latin types.

Professor and Mrs. Edwin Wright of Tufts College were also guests. Professor Wright is an architect. He studied the structure of the building and especially the treatment of the woodwork about the fireplace. His observations and comments were very interesting to us.

The week was fittingly closed by the reading of the Prelude to the Tales by firelight to a group of guests. In the glow of the firelight the past lived again for these people.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Monday - November 23, 1931

The thermometer reached seventy-two to-day. The day would have been gorgeous in October but now people are almost looking forward to the appearance of seasonable winter weather. It seems to be an unhealthy period. Many people are succumbing wholly or partially to colds, largely due, no doubt, to the inclemency of the weather.

This morning the pages of Time's book were turned back to Stage Coach days. Our old stage coach, formerly used on the Post Road between Marlboro and Worcester had a new use to-day. It was taken from the Inn on a pilgrimage through cities and towns in the eastern part of Massachusetts as a forerunner of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Christmas Seal sale. Its use was most appropriate because the 1931 Christmas seal bears a replica of an old stage coach, in addition to the double barred cross, which has long been the insignia of the fight against tuberculosis.

Monday - (continued)

This afternoon a group of nineteen old men and women from the Baptist Home of Massachusetts which is located on Commonwealth Avenue were guests of the Inn. They were brought here by Circle Four of the Baptist Church in Newton Center. What a good time these people had reminiscing about old days. This will be an event in their lives to be relived again and again.

Lois Towne.

Henry Ford's Coach Opens Christmas Seal Drive

(Transcript Photo by Frank E. Colby)

Governor Ely Meets Vehicle After Trip From Wayside Inn

In the Group, Left to Right, Are Mrs. Richard Webster of Watertown, Frank Kiernan, Executive Secretary of the Massachusetts Tuberculosis Society, Governor Ely, Miss Christine B. Higgs of Worcester; (Inside the Coach) Miss Jean Wilder and (On the Top) Miss Theresa McQuaid of Rockland. The Coaching Party Was Met at the State House by Governor Ely Upon Its Arrival from Sudbury.

Wayside Inn Journal

Tuesday - November 24, 1931 Warm

We took a stroll about the Inn this morning. We found that Mr. Lee has put the garden to sleep for the winter. How desolate it seems! The plants have been covered and the statues about the garden boxed in. The birds have flown south and the place seems sadly quiet.

We had an interesting guest for dinner this noon, Jimmy Corrigan, a professional wrestler. He gave us an entirely new slant on the sport. He was born in southern California of an old Spanish family and is a very cultured young man, having been graduated from the University of Southern California.

In the evening the weekly orchestra rehearsal was held in the large ball room. Due to Miss Dickerson's absence the rehearsal was short.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Wednesday - November 25, 1931

The morning conformed to the temperature of precious days, warm, with almost a touch of spring in the air. By night a sudden change had sent the mercury scuttling down about twenty degrees. It was as if Winter, somewhat delayed, had suddenly dashed into our midst! I think he is quite welcome now after so much unseasonable warmth. There are many minds with but a single thought to-day, Thanksgiving.

Entering the kitchen, we meet the homey aroma of roasting turkeys, the pungent odor of nut dressing and baking pies. Forty-seven turkeys, thirty mince, and thirty-six "punkin" pies were prepared.

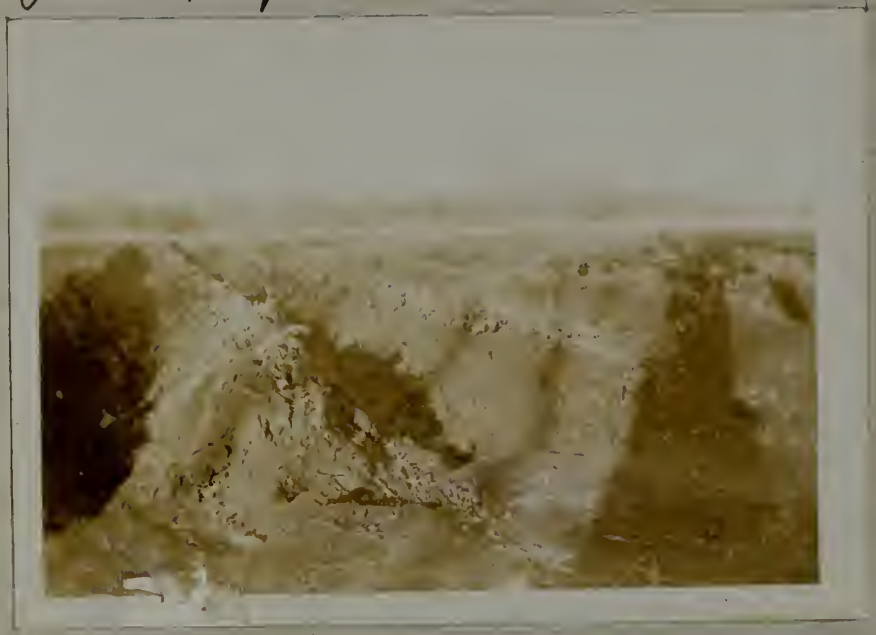
The hostesses have been on the jump taking reservations for to-morrow. The waitresses are busy preparing the dining rooms. Chrysanthemums are to be our chief decoration. Great tawny blossoms blend with oak leaves in brown pitchers, tall, hoary-headed plants stand by the stairs. How closely this aristocrat of winter flowers has come to be associated with Thanksgiving.

This has been a slow day. We think people must be conserving their appetites for to-morrow. Most people having dinner have ordered steaks. Perhaps the Thanksgiving influence may be seen here as well!

The General Store has been doing a flourishing business this week.

Wednesday - continued

Many a fat gobbler has made its farewell journey from the Wayside Inn market.



Our celery crop has been exceptional this year. There are long trenches of banked celery in the garden. That which is stored in the Lamson barn would supply the Inn with celery for a dozen Thanksgivings.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Thursday - November 26, 1931

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and cold. The weather has been so unusually warm for the past week that it has been hard to realize the closeness of this day.

What a change has come to the way in which families keep Thanksgiving. In the olden days families gathered about their own hearths and we can imagine that the Inn was not as busy as it was to-day. The Inn was the center of a holiday throng to-day. From noon until eight-thirty about six hundred and fifty people enjoyed our hospitality. Some of the guests spent their fifth and sixth Thanksgivings here. Mothers and fathers came from other states to join their children - away at school - for the day. Everyone was happy; parties chatted with a delightful sociability.

As for the dinner! What a delectable repast! From the steaming turkey soup to the melting mince pie it was not to be surpassed by any dinner cooked in a home kitchen. The tables were charming with their gay bouquets of chrysanthemums and their jolly little baskets of nuts and mints.

At night the moon shone full, in a clear and frosty night. Stars, equally bright, twinkled in the soft blackness of the sky. Another perfect day added to pleasant memories of the Inn.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Friday - November 27, 1931

We have been very busy to-day. It reminded us of bright October days when we had so many guests.

The morning was grey and cold. It "smelt" like snow as one of our guests remarked. About two o'clock tiny white flakes began to flutter down, followed by many more. As the ground was cold they soon carpeted the landscape with white, except the road where the wheels of passing autos left their wet, black trails.

We had a welcome bit of sunshine at the bar this noon, a canary brought by Miss Hopkins from the general store. It won all hearts with its cheery song. If we have the little thing with us permanently we hope that he won't have his head turned by too much attention from the hostesses!! If old Man Gloom should try to creep in we are sure he would skulk quickly out when he heard our new companion.

There was a general party spirit in the air to-day in preparation for the Thanksgiving dance which was held in the ball room after the weekly dinner and assembly at Dutton Lodge. The guests of honor for the evening were, Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Conant. Mr Conant is Commissioner of Welfare of the State of Massachusetts. Mr. Boyer spoke at the assembly. He chose as his subject "The Wayside Inn, Past, Present, and

Friday - continued

future." He turned our minds to the past for a moment and gave us an insight into the significance of Thanksgiving. He spoke briefly of Miss Welch and read a message written by her to the boys last November, a message of a truly beautiful mind. After the dinner many adjourned to the Inn for dancing. With the "new" evening dresses it is very easy to imagine that we are in the nineteenth century as we watch the gay quadrilles, and the classic minuets. Among our guests were Frances Bryant, Mrs. Ford's niece, and a friend of hers from Dearborn.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal

Saturday. November 28, 1931

Here and there patches of snow strewn over the landscape look like linens put out by a housewife to bleach. This is all that is left of yesterday's snow.

How much do words of sincere appreciation add to the graciousness of living. A man who visited us to-night from New York City warmed our hearts by his glowing enthusiasm for our Inn. He has spent the past five years traveling about the world. He has visited the lovely Taj Mahal in India, and the Acropolis at Athens, that stately ruin of a great civilization. He has seen the grandeur of the pyramids and the Sphinx in Egypt. He says that as an American he finds our Inn the most stirring spectacle of them all. It is superior, in his mind, to the early American wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York because of its liveable quality. Later on, when the snow has come to stay, he hopes to stay with us for a day or two and become acquainted with the Wayside Inn project as a whole and enjoy the atmosphere of the old place.

This keen appreciation shown by many of our guests who remain over night with us is one of the most pleasant features of the Inn.

Lois Towne

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, November 30, 1931. Rain.

An absence of three weeks from work one is fond of doing not infrequently causes a feeling of restlessness and an eagerness to be "back in harness," as it were. So it was natural that we should have a feeling akin to nostalgia for the old Inn and our precious Journal, and that to-day should find us eager to gather up the threads of our work and "get busy" once more.

Tho the chronicler of the Redstone School will include the following in her records, we think it worthy of mention in these pages, inasmuch as the guests visited the Inn as well as the Redstone School. Visitors to the little red schoolhouse had friends from the Philippines with them; friends who, when younger, had done their "courting" on the steps of the Mary Lamb school when it stood in Sterling. As we think over that statement, we ask ourselves: "Tho knows but what there have been couples a-courting on the reconditioned Redstone School

Tuesday, December 1, 1931. Dull; grey.

With a list of some twelve or fifteen old houses - all on the Wayside Inn property - and the pleasant task of looking up the history of each one, we anticipated a busy time for a few weeks. As a start, we visited one; a low, one-room building of the Cape Cod type, with a hull in the center of the room.

Scattered all about the "Inn domain" are these historic old structures; and as each is viewed the feeling returns with renewed force that the Inn itself is the nucleus about which all these other activities revolve, and which, in a way, is responsible for the preservation and restoration of many, if not all, of the old houses in its vicinity.

Several "old" guests returned to the Inn tonight; guests who have discovered - as have we - the charm of the bar-room on a December evening, after one has partaken of an Inn dinner. We must admit, too, that we enjoy the smell of a good cigar - in the proper atmosphere, that is; and where could one find more atmosphere than in the bar-room of the Wayside Inn?

"

November 30 - continued.

steps? Why not? The world - for all the fads and fashions in women's dress - is very little changed from the days of our grandmothers and grandfathers."

In the evening a half dozen of the younger boys of the Boys School came in to the bar room with the request that they be shown thru the Inn. Shown thru they accordingly were, and many were the questions asked.

Rainy days in early winter mean quiet and peace within the Inn. Few dinner guests, but the home-y, friendly feeling so much enjoyed by those of us who love the place. An evening such as this is the kind we should choose to sally forth for steak or chicken, were we in search of good food, well-cooked and served.

Wednesday, December 2, 1931. Windy.

The hostess staff at the Inn, the boys of the Boys' School, and, indeed, everyone who has worked with her, join in wishing Miss Martha E. Hopkins well as she leaves the Hayside Inn and its activities. "Aunt Martha" to the boys since the opening of the school in 1928, she has been a kindly, sympathetic friend and companion to them all, and they seem genuinely sorry to have her go.

Associated from the beginning as the teacher of the "Mary Lamb School," she held that position until the opening of school in September, 1930. From January, 1927, until June, 1930, Miss Hopkins diligently and successfully drilled her young charges not only in the "three R's," but in other things as well. From her they learned how to be better boys and girls; she taught them when to watch for the first robin of spring and when to expect the first birds to fly southward in the fall; it was she who showed them the homes of the early spring flowers, those timid blooms which hide under the protecting leaves of the previous year and scent too

December 2 continued.

shy to do more than peep forth from their snug little retreats. Small wonder, then, that the children all loved their teacher with a devotion which spread to the parents; so that "Miss Hopkins is coming to dinner" is a happy cry, rather than a gloomy one because "teacher" is to visit the home.

Leaving the Redstone School charged in the hands of a capable young assistant, Miss Hopkins went to the Wayside Market, in charge of the Homestead Products Department, and for the past two seasons has done excellent work there. The large upstairs room of the Market took on a cheery air and a homelike appearance which caused many a guest to linger when ordinarily he - or she - would hurry on.

Thus it is that we repeat our opening remark that one and all of the Inn staff wish her well. She departs, leaving a host of friends and a "standing invitation" to come back and visit.

Thursday, December 3, 1931. Fine.

To-day brought two visitors to the Inn from Hilmington, (Mass.);- a Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Simmons, who have been in the habit of spending their wedding anniversaries at the Hayside Inn as house guests. This time, however, they came seeking information "on the dance", for they wished to purchase one of our "Good Morning" dance books, as well as some Victrola records and music, in order to be able to teach the young people in their little community. They are planning to have old-fashioned dancing classes and said that enthusiasm and interest are most encouraging.

Needless to say, the Hayside Inn was glad to co-operate with such a worthy plan, and suggestions were whole-heartedly given.

A new departure, for this year, was the appearance at the Inn of the children from the Mary Lamb School at noon. Two seasons ago, these youngsters came daily for their hot luncheons, but last winter we missed them. Now they are back with us, and their quiet chatter, like the chirping of birds, is a novel feature of the lunch period in the old dining-room.

Another addition — we hope

December 3- continued.

a permanent one - is "Dickey", the golden-voiced canary, who has been brightening even the dullest days. As golden in coloring as is his voice, he has been the cause of much comment on the part of guests, who enjoy the vocal welcome to the Inn.

"The 'bridge' and old kitchen." (Rear of Inn).

December, 1931.

Friday, December 4, 1931. Very rainy.

December, 1931.

Torrential rain made of the day a gloomy one out of doors, but within the Inn all was warmth and comfort. "Dickey" sang as tho his little throat would burst; and the cheery fires in the various rooms shed a warm glow of welcome over the place.

The weekly assembly at the Dutton Lodge proved instructive as well as entertaining. Miss Allen furnished "incidental music" while the dinner was in progress and one of the boys - George Johnson - played two trumpet solos. After a well-balanced meal had disappeared, the master of ceremonies introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Patay, of Ginn and Company, who gave an

December 4- continued.

instructive and interesting talk on books, dealing chiefly with the method of their manufacture.

This talk was prefaced by a few remarks on the history of paper and books, going back to the early Egyptians and the papyrus and hieroglyphic eras. He showed a picture of the first paper-maker, and the boys were amused and surprised to learn that he was none other than their old friend (?) the wasp!

The entire process was explained - from the time the author's manuscript reaches the editor's desk, to its final appearance in book form. Electrolysis, wood-cuts, half-tones, color-printing - all were explained. The result was that the speaker's invitation to visit the Athenaeum Press in Cambridge was received with enthusiasm by the boys and their guests.

Dancing from eight o'clock until nine-thirty was in charge of Mrs. Poole, and was, seemingly, much enjoyed by the dozen or more couples who attended the class.

"

Saturday, December 5, 1931. Fair and cold.

"Its glory has departed now."
December, 1931.
LONGFELLOW GARDEN.

One would scarcely think, to look at the accompanying photograph, that irises, jonquils, poppies, larkspur, and all the other friends of the spring and summer are hidden beneath the rough bedding of grass and leaves on either side of the garden walk.

Three "movie" men, one of them, a Mr. Glenn Griswold, vice-president of a motion picture concern with offices in New York, came this morning and made a tour of the Inn.

December 5-continued.

They bemoaned the fact that they had so little time to spend with us, but were greatly interested in all they saw, and were desirous of "taking" some of the interiors of the Inn.

Somehow - we may be a bit old-fashioned - we are not keen on seeing our old house in the movies; not merely as a background for a story, that is. If the Inn is to be "starred" well and good; but we distinctly do not want it to "play second fiddle" to anyone or anything. "The Inn comes first," is our slogan when dealing with affairs on the estate, and we intend have that idea extend throughout, no matter what the subject under discussion may be.

June Dickerson.
12/5/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1931. COLD; CLEAR; WINDY.

HEAD-HOUSE CONSTRUCTION. 11/31.

A cold, blustering wind, that somehow seemed to penetrate thru each and every coat, no matter how warm, brought with it a generous flurry of snow - enough to cover the entire ground with a mantle of white.

The scene pictured above, taken in early November, shows construction of the new head-house at the green-house on Dutton Road, opposite Dutton Lodge. This is the heating "supply" for the Lodge, and is now finished and in running order. Pipes run from this building to the Lodge, and while the deep trench was open during the laying of the pipes, all vehicular traffic was de-

December 7 - continued.

toured over another route.

The Dutton Lodge, housing as it does a goodly portion of the boys, and taking care of their food wants in its up-to-date kitchen and cheering dining hall, is, we feel, an enterprise in itself. It is a little community, practically, that gathers under its roof each night. The Wayside Inn should feel proud of this young "child"; and we predict a successful career for the endeavor. We shall hear more of Dutton Lodge at a later date.

"

Tuesday, December 8, 1931. Very cold.

LOOKING TOWARD THE INN- NOV., 1931.

NOV., 1931.

That comparisons are odious we are well aware, having had that maxim drilled into us from early childhood! But we can not refrain from remarking on the different appearance of the sheep now as compared with their looks in the spring. The lambs which called forth such complimentary remarks earlier in the year are now blasé old sheep, sombre af

December 8-continued.

countenance, and covered with a layer of thick, matted soft wool. As they run, bleating and bla-ing across the pasture, we are reminded of the song, "Listen to the Lambs"; because, even tho the "lambs" are now sheep, we have the mental picture of last spring's woolly creatures stumbling and tumbling over the stones as they tried to run, on feet that were too new to be accustomed to move properly.

"

Wednesday, December 9, 1931. Snowy.

Not to mention the "chill, December day" on a day like this would seem, in a sense, an oversight. Chill it certainly was; and the snow-flakes which floated lazily down at noon ushered in a snow-storm which lasted all afternoon, making the roads slippery and driving more difficult.

Rising temperature made "slush" of the snow, and rain at night did its bit toward reminding us that the season of cautious driving is at hand. How we wish that our entire homeward journey were made over as perfect a road as "our" road - the high-road above the one leading past the Inn.

It seems to us as tho the building of that road did more than merely furnish a smooth highway for the motorist. It offers any number of scenes of pastoral beauty; the views of the Inn, the Grist Mill, grazing sheep, Calvin Haw House, and, in the distance, the outlying fields and buildings connected with the Inn are not to be surpassed in beauty by anything an artist might portray.

Then too, the new road takes away the heavy traffic from

December 9 - continued.

the Inn road, removing thereby a menace to guests - and old house also; the former no longer being in danger from heavily-laden, fast-moving trucks; and the foundations of the latter remaining more secure because these trucks use the upper road.

Particularly do we appreciate a road of this type in weather of tonight's variety. Compared with the fast disappearing macadam road with its high crown, it is as heaven to the motorist in wet weather. Good drainage, well-laid foundations, and a surface not entirely smooth make skidding - that bug-bear of drivers - less probable.

And so we shall continue to call it "our" road, and to hope for the time to come soon when all well-travelled ways will be built similarly.

"

Thursday, December 10, 1931. Graf.

Driving was not what one would call a pleasant task to-day. The roads were coated with ice and chances of skidding were many. As the day wore on, however, a great deal of the slipperiness disappeared, and "navigating" became less hazardous.

We had an Armenian-American doctor with us as a guest to-day, a Dr. Constantian, who was born in Armenia, educated by an English family, and graduated with high honors from the University of Edinburgh. Tho he is now retired from practising his profession, he still has a keen interest in it, as was evidenced by his kindly assistance to a person in the Inn.

Much traveled and a great scholar, he was interested chiefly, we believe, in the educational work of the Inn. His visit to the Pickstone school was an event to the children, as it was, no doubt, to the doctor also. In addition, it was this interesting man's sixty-first birthday.

In the evening the fall-

December 10- continued.

room was the scene of great activity. Rehearsals for the forthcoming plays were in progress, and from 6:30 until nearly ten o'clock the boys "strutted their parts" and shivered in anticipation, some of them, of their "first appearance on any stage."

Friday, December 11, 1931. Dismal; rainy.

The Wayside Inn Boys School

DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS

THREE ONE ACT PLAYS

AT THE

WAYSIDE INN BALL ROOM

Friday Evening, December 11, 1931

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

Overture—Our Hero's March.....Ascher

Wayside Inn Boys School Orchestra

" JIMMY'S LITTLE SISTER "

BY

ISABEL M. GRAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jimmy—A Freshman.....John Lindgren
Beans—Another.....Clifford Moffat
The Professor—A Sophomore.....Wallace Welch
The Society Man—Another.....Anthony Crofton
The Sylph—A Junior.....Walter Hamilton
The Judge—A Senior.....Peter Antonio
One Shoe—A Senior.....Andrew Gray
The Major—A Senior.....John Milanskas

Scene—Living Room of a Fraternity House
Time—Anyday After Dinner

Musical Selections

In Arcadian Days.....Troostwyk
Trio

Andante from 5th Symphony.....Tschaikowsky
Miss DeMille

" DINNER AT SEVEN SHARP "

BY

AMABEL AND TUDOR JENKS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Parsons— | MEMBER OF RIVAL COMPANY DISGUISED AS BUTLER |.....Thomas Hogan
Mrs. Beverly—Wife of Patent Lawyer.....Miss Marion Allen
Marion Trent—Her Cousin.....Miss Alice Boyer
Mamaduke Beverly—Patent Lawyer.....John Lindberg
Messenger Boy—From the Florist.....Nicholas Giovinetti
Bixby—One of the Jolly Cut Ups.....Francis Quirk
Harry Lawton—An Electrical Engineer.....Stephen Gooch

Scene—Living Room of Lawton Residence
Time—The Present

Musical Selections

Werner's Parting Song.....Nessler
Mr. Bushnell

Romance.....Sibelius
Miss Allen

"THE GROUP PHOTOGRAPH"

BY

HOWARD REED

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Doty—A Country Photographer.....Clarence Haskell
Tad Burney—Family Bully.....Arthur Delaney
Mrs. Burney—His Wife.....Stanley Derewlanka
Leander Turner—Not Courageous.....George Johnson
Mrs. Turner—A Real Manager.....Miss Anne Dickerson
Phoebe Turner—Their Daughter.....George MacCormack
Grand'pa—He Won't Talk.....Fred Ingersoll
Cousin Minnie—A Spinster.....Charles Barkhouse
Aunt Hattie—Who is Prone to Crying.....Roland Gardner
Carrie Belle—With the Flutter.....Marvin Webster

Scene—Country Photographers
Time—Twenty Years Ago

. . FINALE . .

Love's Dream—Waltz.....Ascher

THIS PROGRAM PRINTED BY THE WAYSIDE INN BOYS SCHOOL PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

December 11 - continued.

The "big night" as far as some of the actors (and "actresses"!) were concerned was Friday, December 11, 1931. The older boys, those who have "acted" before, put on airs - real or assumed - of nonchalance and indifference, while the new boys experienced all the qualms and misgivings of embryo Thespians. Costumes were unique and original, to say the least, and audience and performers alike seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

MILLWOOD HUNT CLUB

INVITE THE

LAND OWNERS

TO A

PARTY

AT THE

VILLAGE HALL, FRAMINGHAM CENTRE

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1931

AT 7:30 O'CLOCK

SUPPER

When our neighbors invite us to any sort of an affair, we are always pleased; and the invitation from the Millwood Hunt Club to a party at Framingham Centre was no exception to this rule.

"Land-owners" - what an old-time ring there is to that word! Small wonder that Lyman Howe was known thruout the

December 11- continued.

community as "Squire". The two seem naturally to go together, and visions of wide tracts of meadow and woodland come to us, and we muse on events and characters of a generation that is past.

An interesting guest, in the person of a Miss Ingrid Oswald, from Upsala, Sweden, who is studying Home Economics in New York, came to us and stayed for some time during the afternoon. Miss Oswald is studying on a Scandinavian-American fellowship.

Saturday, December 12, 1931. Mild; sunny.

A week of typical New England weather - cold, rain, snow, sleet, and mild, spring-like sunshine was the offering we received in the past seven days. After the skidding and sliding recently experienced, it was a relief to drive on roads which were free of ice.

Quiet reigned in the Inn, but a visit shortly before noon to the Market showed a number of visitors, intent on buying - for we saw a number of five- and ten-dollar bills in evidence. One woman was much disappointed because she could not take one of the popular spinning-wheel lamps with her, but would have to wait a week for her order to be filled. The popularity of these lamps is truly amazing: possibly their being in the old country store serves as an advertisement, and people see them in their natural setting, as it were!

She liked the tiny evergreen trees, potted, that were being placed about the entrance as the store opened at eight o'clock. Pert, pretty, petite, they serve as decorations and as temptations to enter the building. Wreaths, large Christmas trees, turkeys, apples, grapes - with such a display outside, who could resist the perfectly natural im-

December 12- continued.

pulse to "see if there's anything interesting inside"?

During the week just passed we have had some interesting visitors; and one evening there was a dinner party of fourteen. This was an unusual party, in that there were five colonels and one major among the number. It felt quite military, tho none of the guests, of course, was in uniform.

Underlying all the activities these days is the thought of Christmas. Carols sung by the school-children, Christmas plays being rehearsed - for a few weeks, all is bustle and preparation; and then — the after-Christmas quiet so enjoyed by those who have known the Inn for many years.

Anne Dickerson.
12/12/31.

THE WAYSIDE MARKET

South Sudbury, Mass. ---------- 193

M ----------

Address ----------

WHO WOULDN'T PATRONIZE IT!

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1931. RAINY.

After an absence of several months from the Inn dining room, the boys from the Boys School assembled at quarter of six for their evening meal. Quiet and orderly, they came into the house and took their places at table in a manner which would reflect credit upon any group.

These boys are a fine looking group of youngsters, and we believe that most of them are happy and contented. We know of one lad, a boy of twelve, whose father is director of one of the large settlement houses in Boston, and whose mother is an active social worker and club woman, who daily pleads to be sent to the Boys School at the Wayside Inn. His father flatly refuses to die or to otherwise desert his family, and so poor Dick is not numbered among our students.

A sample menu for a day's meals for the boys follows:

December 14- continued.

BREAKFAST

QUINCE SAUCE	MILK
FIGS- PRUNES	CREAM

LUNCHEON

LETTUCE SALAD	CREAMED CELERY
CREAMED VEG. SOUP	WAX BEANS
BAKED SWEET POTATOES	WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

DINNER

PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD	CARROTS-PEAS
TOMATO SOUP	CELERY- OLIVES
BAKED MACKEREL	PARSNIPS.
PRUNE WHIP	

Who can read the foregoing and not feel hungry? Not we; and tho it is against all dietary regulations, we found it necessary to make a raid upon the ice-box (at nearly midnight) in order to quiet the pangs of hunger! Should sleep be long in coming, we know the reason in advance!

"

Tuesday, December 15, 1931. Very cold.

To-day's weather was similar to that of a year ago on this date. It was cold, clear, and crisp, which made everyone hustle instead of dawdling along. Healthy weather, this; it sets hands and feet a-tingling, and many feminine noses show a ruddy hue where generally they are like alabaster! However, the ruddiness is invariably corrected as soon as the fair ones reach a mirror and have time to apply their never-failing friend: powder!

We spoke of "additions" to the Inn one day recently. We have another, this time a host, who, tho new to the Inn, is well-known by everyone who visits the garden during the spring and summer months. Mr. Lee, our faithful gardner, comes to the Inn at six o'clock in the evening; and until nine he is ready to do whatever is required of him.

"Pinch-hitting" is fun - if a person is capable of hitting whatever he is aiming for! We acted in that capacity for the teacher of the Southwest School today, as she was unable to be present. It so happened that the only one of the "three R's"

December 15 - continued.

that we did not teach was the second - "'ritin'." "'Rithmetic" took us back to the time when we had review work in the subject, preparatory to entering Normal School. However, the Fates were kind, and we were able (with the aid of a rapid mental review of a theorem in geometry!) to explain the method of finding the hypotenuse of a right triangle.

Having spent four years in a school of the type of our own Southwest, we feel we know a bit of the advantages - and disadvantages - of the country school. And we are firmly of the belief that, for the normal child, the former far outweigh the latter. A clever sixth-grader, for instance, finishes his work, and spends the remainder of the period in listening to recitations of the seventh or eighth grades. When he, in turn, is in one of these grades, a good bit of the work seems like review to him, and fewer explanations are necessary. Even the dull student imbibes something from the older classes, and often discovers - or the teacher does - that he understands better than he did. The power of concentration is greater in this sort of school, generally speaking, than in a

December 15 - concluded.

graded school, tho the teacher may find it necessary to labor long and hard to instil this power in her young charges.

Wednesday, December 16, 1931. Dunny.

Another quiet day, so far as tourists visiting the Inn was concerned, but a day filled with hustle and bustle for those connected with the three schools. Rhythm Band rehearsal, sewing for the girls of the Redstone School, music for the Southwest children, piano and violin lessons, rehearsal for a musical program to be given on Friday, Glee Club, and, finally, the regular Wednesday night assembly of the Junior Boys' Dancing Class.

"Satan finds work for idle hands to do" may be a true saying, but we have no fear of doing any work for his Diabolical Majesty because none of us is idle! In every case, we are certain, the workers are doing work in which they like, and the hours speed by like minutes.

Considering the amount of work we'd like to accomplish, we wished wish the days were longer. Never until now did we fully realize the meaning of the words:

"Tempus fugit."

Thursday, December 17, 1931. Windy.

THE POST ROAD

The country-side surrounding the Wayside Inn is rich in history and interesting to all of us. We chanced upon an article headed: "Post Road Development of Old Indian Trails"; needless to say, it was read at once in the hope that something new might be learned about this famous section of the state.

It seems that the present state road from Boston to Worcester, thru Wayland, South Sudbury, Marlboro, and Northboro, known as Route 20, is largely the development of old Indian trails. In 1683, Major John Pynchon of Springfield sought a new and easier route between Boston and that city, than the ones then in use, and hired two Indians to guide him thru the wilderness. Tradition says that he laid out the road between Marlboro and what is now Northboro along the path made by cattle as they went back and forth to the Northboro meadows to graze.

As this road was laid out, previous to the reconstruction of the past year, one had no difficulty in accepting this

December 17- continued.

tradition as fact! At various periods in its history this highway has been called the "New Connecticut Way," the "King's Highway," the "Stage Road," and the "Post Road." In certain sections it has been known as the "Country Road."

In a sketch of Northboro, written in 1826 by Dr. Joseph Allen, there is this statement: "It is but little more than one hundred years since there was not a human habitation on the road from Marlboro to Brookfield, west of the Goodnow farm, except a few log houses in Worcester." The Goodnow farm was near the Marlboro-Northboro line as the towns are now divided.

When General Henry Knox, then Colonel of Artillery, made his transfer of cannon and ammunition from Fort Ticonderoga to Cambridge with opening the winter of 1775-76, he passed over the old Post Road with at least a part of his expedition.

Probably the name "Post Road" originated with the opening on January 7, 1786, of a mail route between Boston and Hartford. This route was operated

December 17 - continued.

by Captain Levi Pease, a native of Enfield, Conn., who three years before had inaugurated a successful line of stages between the two cities. The following year (1784) the journey to Hartford was made in three days; so much had the roads been improved!

It is common knowledge that the Inn owns what is believed to be the last stage driven between Marlboro and Worcester. As a matter of fact, the story of the various Inns along the way and by which the stages passed, would make interesting reading. There was our own "Red Horse", the "Williams Tavern," with the sign of a black horse, in Marlboro; the Village Tavern in Northboro; the "Ball Tavern, a mile west of Northboro Village on the Post Road; and the Pease Tavern in Shrewsbury, where the veteran stage driver spent his last years.

Of course, the coming of railroads caused a falling-off in the stage business. In 1897, the stage between Marlboro and Worcester was completely displaced by electric car service between these points. In 1894 the State

December 17 - continued.

Department of Public Works began to acquire control of the Post Road under an act of the Legislature which permitted the towns to release to the state their interests in the road. In 1925 auto busses displaced the trolley cars, and to-day a fleet of these mammoth machines passes over the road on strict schedule.

Thus we have had the forest trail and cattle paths widened into a cart-road, then improved to a highway and stage route, and finally rebuilt to form a national traffic artery. The mid-Western stranger takes his road-map and decides he must take "Route 20" to reach Worcester; but we of the Inn know better: he must travel on the old

Post Road.

Friday, December 18, 1931. Gray; cold.

Christmas only a week away! Cards are coming from the boys in Detroit and Christmas decorations are making their appearance in the windows and on the doors of the school buildings and in the Inn.

The children's dancing classes to-day took the form of a combined dancing lesson and play-rehearsal. At one o'clock "the lambs" filed into the ball-room and marched and danced until two, when their older brothers and sisters, the "Southwest-ers" joined them. From then until three-thirty the youngsters rehearsed diligently; following this, there was more dancing - until four o'clock.

At ~~five~~ forty-five, boys and guests assembled in the large dining room for the weekly assembly and dinner. After the meal the entire company went to the large ball-room to listen to a musical program.

We are always pleased to learn that our workers are capable of doing things other than what they do at the Inn. And when the wives of some of the men have musical ability we are quick to appreciate it and to make use of it. Mrs. Borden, who needs no introduction to Inn people, sang a group of songs for us, and Mrs. McKechnie played several violin selections. This was a sur-

December 18-continued.

prise to many, for she has never played to an "Inn" audience.

As "guest artists" we had Mr. Howe, trumpeter, and Mr. Anderson who sang for us. Mr. Howe has appeared on our program once before this season, and he was enthusiastically received by the audience. Mr. Anderson was new to most of us, but his singing soon made him a friend, and he graciously responded to the generous applause by singing encores.

Mrs. Dorothy Goddard made a gracious and charming mistress of ceremonies, and she introduced each performer in a naïve, original manner which put audience and performers at their ease.

The senior dancing class was well-attended and the usual "good time was had by all" until 9:30 when the last waltz was ended.

Saturday, December 19, 1931. Fine.

It seems that Saturdays are habitually fine. Clear skies, bracing air, with just enough tingle in it to make one realize that it is the winter season, — we can scarcely realize that the year 1931 is fast slipping away.

As was the case last Saturday, the Homestead Products Department of the Market was thronged with visitors, the majority of whom were purchasing articles of one kind or another. The spirit of the season seems to have even affected the gobblers in front of the building, for they strutted and scolded and made the noise that many visitors have thought was made by a person in distress.

Nine guests came to be shown thru the Inn. These people were from the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, from the Worcester office, and they had dinner as well.

At 6:30, a party of twelve appeared for an old kitchen dinner. There is a charm about these affairs that never dies; each new party is as interesting (and the cooking smells as good!) as those which have gone before it. "O. K." dinners we call them at the bar. And they are "O. K." — these old kitchen dinners of ours.

Anne Dickerson.
12/19/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

MONDAY, DEC. 21, 1931. FAIR.

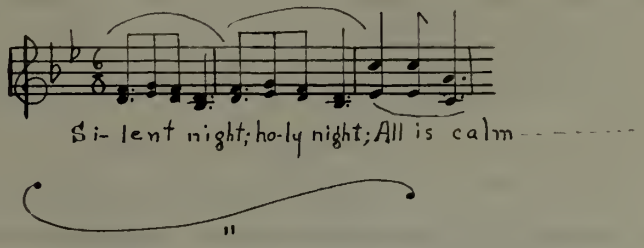
The snow of yesterday which had practically disappeared from the roads by noon of today lay white about the Inn grounds and formed the perfect setting for the old country Inn in winter. True, the "winter" wasn't so wintry, but the setting was there, the Inn was there, and all that was necessary was colder weather — and more "setting." It seemed strange that practically the only spot to hold the downy covering was the land about the Inn, so that the guest entering thru the front gate seemed to be coming into a different realm, a region far removed from the parking space opposite!

When evening came, the candles in the front windows were lighted; their bright orange glow gave a distinctly cheerful aspect to bar-room and parlor, and added its note of welcome to any chance visitors in the vicinity of the tavern. One must see the Inn at Christmas-time to really appreciate its beauty; a beauty not only of appearance, but an inner something that makes itself felt as one enters the

December 21- continued.

front door with its holly-trimmed knocker.

Each winter, when the Yuletide season rolls around, our veteran gardener brings his offering to us. A generous supply of holly, sent to him from Seattle, Washington, is his gift to the Inn; or, strictly speaking, to the knocker on the front door. The glossy, dark green leaves and gleaming red berries showed to advantage against the sombre darkness of the door and add their touch of "Merry Christmas" to the scene.



Tuesday, December 22, 1931. Very rainy.

The snow which made such a picturesque appearance about the Inn yesterday was completely demolished by the rain which came down in "buckets-full", as the youngsters expressed it. But we were glad of the one day of "Christmas post-card" weather, and feel certain that it is merely the forerunner of many more such days.

Several times lately we have spoken about the festive appearance of the Market. The accompanying photograph gives an idea of the exterior decorations, tho it in no way does them justice. One can not get the healthy, clean smell of evergreens by simply looking at a picture! It is the interior of the building which seems to fascinate

General Store.
Dec., 1931.

December 22 - continued.

the visitor.

One woman left an order at the Inn for six dinners, saying she was going to the Market, but would be back in twenty minutes, in order to be ready when the waitress called her. In three-quarters of an hour the party entered the Inn, the woman who had done the ordering remarking that "it was a long twenty minutes, but that Market is so int'resting!"

The voice of Scrooge as he derided the Christmas season fell upon the ears of those who were in the Inn after six-thirty. The reason? Dickens's "Christmas Carol" is to be given tomorrow evening, and the cast was diligently rehearsing.

"And thus ended another day."

Wednesday, December 23, 1931. Final.

Fourteen lively youngsters - seven boys and seven girls - momentarily subdued by the prospect of presents to be received, gathered about a gayly lighted Christmas tree in the large ball-room of the Inn. Like so many little elves they hugged their knees or sat cross-legged as they gazed in open-mouthed admiration at the array of tissue-wrapped parcels at the foot of the tree.

Fourteen throaty little voices lifted in "Silent Night" and the other old favorites filled the room with melody, and visitors in the Inn were entertained for a few minutes by the music.

The Southwest children also had a tree and a party, but their affair was held at school. At two o'clock the fun began, and each child was remembered by one or more (generally more) of his classmates. Nor were the teachers forgotten. As one bright lad remarked, "Sometimes it pays to be a teacher, doesn't it?"

Eight o'clock saw the large ball-room filled with relatives and friends of the boys and girls of the three Hayside Inn schools. This audience seemed

December 23- continued.

to anticipate an enjoyable evening, for each member sat back in his chair as the curtain went up on "No Room at the Inn," the play presented by the Redstone children.

The children were all enthusiastic and eager to be on the stage saying their lines. One or two of the "angels" became entangled in some of the props for Scrooge's play, but were happily set right before they became "fallen" angels!

What really surprised us was the whole-hearted manner in which the audience joined in the carol-singing between the first and second plays. Good singing, it was; as we watched, we could see but very few who were not singing. The carols were led by Mrs. Borden, who is always so willing and ready to assist wherever and whenever she is needed.

With the fall of the last curtain on the changed Scrooge, the 1931 Christmas observance at the Inn joined those that have gone before it and became history.

December 23- continued.

The . .

Wayside Inn

Schools . .

In observance of Christmas 1931, present

Three Christmas Plays

—In the—

Large Ballroom of the Inn

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23, 1931

AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

THE REDSTONE SCHOOL

PRESENTS

"No Room at the Inn"

—BY—

ESTHER E. OLSON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MALTHAR.....Charlotte Spiller
Her Father.....Allan Bowry
Her Mother.....Virginia Bowry
The Innkeeper of Bethlehem.....James Geehan

Scene—The hut of a Citizen of Bethlehem
Time—The night when Christ was born.

CAST OF TABLEAUX

Mary.....Joyce Belcher
Joseph.....Wilfred Spiller
Wise Men—Bradley Way, Wilbert Tighe, Alvin Bradshaw.
Angels—Jean Geehan, Gloria Bonazzoli, Clifford Belcher, Walter Lynch, Priscilla Kirkland, Caroline Way, Emma Bachelder.

CAROL SINGING BY THE ENTIRE ASSEMBLY
DURING INTERVAL BETWEEN REDSTONE AND SOUTHWEST SCHOOL PLAYS

THE SOUTHWEST SCHOOL

PRESENTS

"Why the Chimes Rang"

—BY—

APTHORP MCFADDIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Steen (a peasant boy).....Ivan Stone
Holger (his younger brother).....Thomas Winship
Bertel (Their uncle).....Robert Spiller
An Old Woman.....Betty Boyer
The Priest.....Ralph Stone
A Rich Man.....Roger Thayer
A Courtier.....Charles Buzzell
A Beautiful Woman.....Doris Seymour
An Old Man.....Donald Bowry
A Young Girl.....Lydia Bonazzoli
The King.....John Winship

Scene—Interior of woodchopper's hut on edge of forest.
Time—Dusk of a Christmas Eve long ago.
Costumes and Properties by the students.

INTERMISSION

Ten minutes during which a Sewing Exhibit of the work done by the girls of the Southwest and Redstone schools will be on display in the Small Ball Room.

Thursday, December 24, 1931. Graf.

The day before Christmas, as perhaps might be expected, was rather quiet. Christmas, to many, is a "home day" and the day before is spent in busy preparations for the gala occasion.

At four o'clock eighteen girls, members of the Southwest and Redstone Schools, assembled at the Inn for their Christmas tea-party. This was a party given them by Mrs. Poole, who teaches sewing, to celebrate the fact that the sewing classes have finished the samplers on which they have been working since the beginning of the school term.

Eight candles gleaming on a bountifully spread table shed a soft light over the eager faces of the children. Mrs. Bayer and Mrs. Jackson were present as guests of the children and their teacher.

The sound of the telephone brought a hostess "on the jump" to answer it, and a tremulous voice inquired as to the time of the party. A mistake of half an hour nearly cost this little lady her share of the goodies, but tho she arrived late there were still some good things left.

We always welcome a

December 24- continued.

visit from the former owner of the Red Horse Tavern. Mrs. Lemon and Mr. Edward P. Lemon came and had tea at the Inn. Tho the place has changed a great deal in many respects since the days when Mrs. Lemon served the delicious oyster stew for which her husband was justly famed, there is one thing which has remained: the hospitality and cordiality which has been an integral part of the house since it was built.

With the coming of darkness the Inn settled down to quietness, save for a few people in the dining room, and seemingly awaited the visit of the portly gentleman from the North who makes his annual entrance by means of the chimneys of the land. And the wreaths and other decorations say to one and all

"A Merry Christmas!"

Friday, December 25, 1931. Changeable

Christmas Day of nineteen thirty-one was a disappointment, as far as the weather was concerned. The morning was foggy and dreary, with a definite hint of the rain which fell intermittently a great part of the day. Night brought a strong wind and one of the most gorgeous moons we have ever seen. But not a flake of snow was there to help give the Christmas-y effect so much a part of New England traditions.

Guests started coming for dinner at about one o'clock, and from that time until four o'clock business was fairly brisk. One hundred and forty-two dinners were served, ten of which were to transient guests and three to children. In addition there were thirty meals served to the boys and hostesses, making a total of one hundred and seventy-two meals during the day. In view of the fact that many people prefer to spend Christmas at home, and taking the nation-wide financial depression into consideration, we think the day was fairly good from a business point of view.

Socially, the day was a

December 25- continued.

complete success, for everyone, from the smallest child to the eldest grandparent, had a good time. Even the frisky Scotch terrier that bolted into the front hall when the door was inadvertently left open seemed imbued with the spirit of the day, and it took considerable coaxing, accompanied by much chasing, to convince him that it was not a "dog-day" nor a time for him to be at large within the Hayside Inn.

After five o'clock the crowd had thinned out and only the ticking of the two old clocks disturbed the silence. The two hundred and forty-fifth Christmas of the Hayside Inn passed into history along with its predecessors.

December 25- continued.

The above card was sent by one of the Southwest School children.

LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN—SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.—BUILT ABOUT 1702. Originally called Howe Tavern after its builder, David Howe. In 1746, Colonel Ezekial Howe, of Revolutionary fame, put up a sign "Red Horse," and it was known by this name for many years.

Longfellow made the tavern famous with his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in which the Inn was used as a background—and for many years it was the meeting house of the Old Cambridge Poets.

The Seasons Greetings and Best Wishes

for Christmas and the Coming Year

Saturday, December 26, 1931. Clear; cold.

We can not let the day pass without a reference to the weather. Etiquette writers tell us that the weather is not to be despised or shunned as a topic of conversation. With this in mind we make a comparison between the weather of December 26 a year ago and today. 1930 brought us snow and sleet on the night of December 26, while today, a year later, we have sunny skies, as blue as in mid-summer, and a crisp, bracing wind which whips roses into faded cheeks.

A goodly number of guests came to the Inn to eat today. Jolly family parties, for the most part, made up of parents and young folks home from school or college, that lingered over their meals and leisurely made the tour of the house, as tho reluctant to leave such an inviting spot.

One of our "O. K." (old-kitchen) dinners took place this evening and fifteen people assembled about the "festive board." To us, these affairs never lose their charm, and we can readily understand the enthusiasm which brings people to the Inn an hour or two before dinner is ready, simply to sit before

December 26 - continued.

the open fire and watch (and smell!) their meal as it cooks.

A small boy - a second grader, announced to one of the hostesses that he had brought a copy of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" with him and would show it to her if she would care to see it. Of course she was interested, and the boy ran to his mother and returned to the hostess with a tattered old edition of the famous poems, displaying it proudly and showing by his talk that he knew a great deal about the contents of the volume.

Before another week has passed, we shall be writing "1932" on our letters. We can truthfully say that never has a year flown by with such speed as 1931 has exhibited. It has been a pleasant year in many ways, as well as a year which has seen many changes, both national and local.

Anne Dickerson

12/26/31.

Wayside Inn

Journal.

Dec. 28, 1931,
to
Jan. 2, 1932.

Monday, December 28, 1931. Clear; cold.

The Red Horse Inn on the Sudbury Road

ANTHONY S. WOODS, '33

THE hearth fire blazed and the embers glowed
In the Red Horse Inn on the Sudbury Road.
A weary traveler in the gloom
Was sitting entranced
As firelight danced
On storied walls of the old bar-room.

It was not long ere he dozed asleep,
In cozy warmth of the brown bar keep
And dreamt a vision of long ago:
The embers snapped,
The wind rap-rapped
On frosted panes of the lone window.

He saw in the past a jolly clan
Of poet and student and hostel man,
Of scholar, fiddler, learned Jew,
Who met by night to quaff good brew.
He heard their tales in the dark, red inn
Told to the song of the violin.

The sombre clock that marked the time
Tick tocked the meter of their rhyme.
Near to the spinet by the wall
A coat of arms proclaimed to all
Mine host's good birth. The leaping flames
Revealed the windows' graven names.

Three nights he heard them each in rote
Relate their tales of men of note.
For, to the traveler's great amaze,
Paraded ghosts of olden days.
He heard the oaken rafters ring
To sagas of the Norseman king.

Luigi Monti told the reign
Of Robert, brother to Urbane.
Now gave the host the story dear,
How rode the gallant Paul Revere.
The scholar spoke the stern ballade
Of Spain and cruel Torquemad.
So in his dream the traveler knew
And loved each one of this jovial crew.

The hearth fire blazed and the embers glowed
In the Red Horse Inn on the Sudbury Road.
The traveler stirred amidst the gloom;
The embers snapped,
The wind rap-rapped
On the frosted panes of the old bar room.

December 28- continued.

On Armistice Day of this year, the editorial staff of "The Purple", the official publication of Holy Cross College, in Worcester, Massachusetts, made a pilgrimage to the Wayside Inn. On the return of the students to college one of them wrote the verses which appear on the preceding page, and a copy of the magazine was sent to the Inn.

The great majority of our visitors are not able to put their feelings into verse; tho the poetry of the place appeals to them and tho they feel the music of its atmosphere, they can not express these sensations in poetry. Thus it is that tho many rhymes have been made about the old Inn, they have mostly been devised by professional "rhymesters" and not by the rank and file of our guests.

Tuesday, December 29, 1931. Sunshine.

Once in a while, as has, perhaps, been stated before, a guest enters the Inn and "gets by" without our knowing who he is. This can easily happen, unless the hostesses are on the alert, for visitors do not have placards on their chests announcing their claims to distinction! It is true, tho, that there is often someone who, by traveling with the better known person, receives a share of reflected glory, as it were; and, in order to achieve that glory, confidentially informs the hostesses of his companion's identity. This has happened in numerous instances.

One day recently, a Mr. Josiah Walker, a man who has been in the hotel business for forty-five years, came to the Inn with his family and had lunch. He was at Young's Hotel in Boston for a great many years, serving as manager, and later at the Touraine, both houses among Boston's best known and most popular hostelries. Retired now, he still has an interest in hotels and hotel work, as evidenced by his visit to our

December 29 - continued.

Inn.

A busy day, this. Noon found a goodly number of cars in the parking space opposite, and an orderly, hungry group of people filled the old dining room. And it continued even after the noon hour had passed, so that the total for the day, exclusive of house people, was fifty-eight dinners and lunches and seventeen teas served. For a day at the end of the year, this is quite encouraging, and we are perfectly willing to have such performances repeated!

Wednesday, December 30, 1931. Clear; cold.

IDA M. TARBELL.

We insert this picture of Ida Minerva Tarbell, the American historian and writer, because we feel that she has a connection with the Hayride Inn. She was a great friend of our beloved Miss Mabel Welch, and has, of course, visited the Inn.

Miss Tarbell's article in

December 30 - continued.

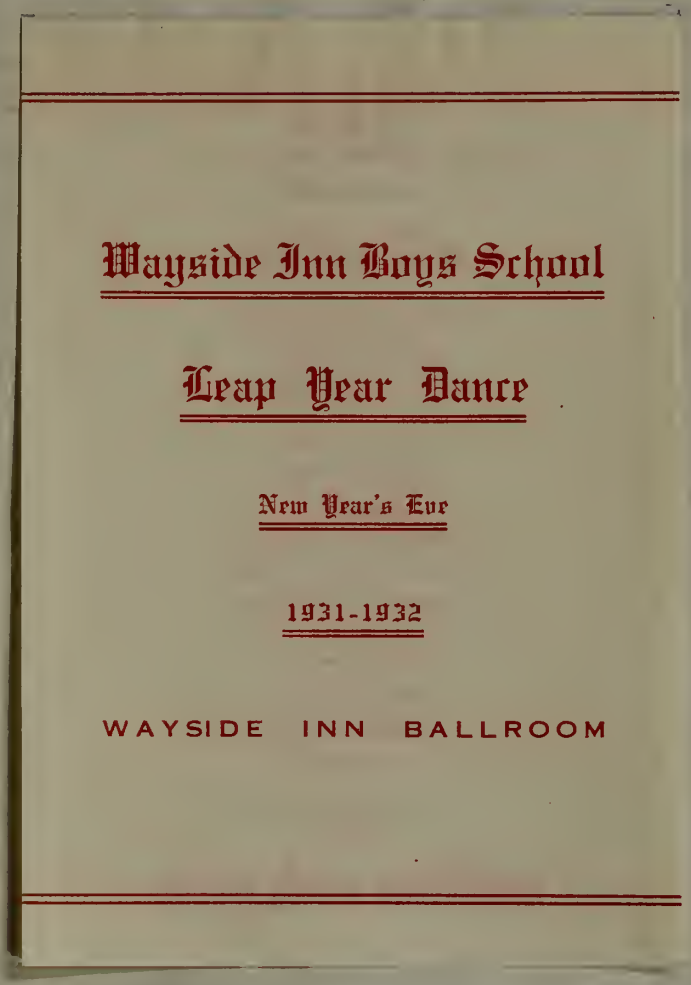
The October, 1931, issue of the American magazine - on Owen D. Young - is an interesting account of the life of a most interesting personality, told with charm and simplicity by this friend of the Inn.

In this article the author makes the following statement which carries a great deal of truth: "It is a wise man who knows when he has found a fountain - a fountain of mental and spiritual health from which to drink when weary or sad or 'at his wit's end'; a still wiser one who uses his fountain."

Why can not we find, each for himself, a "fountain," and having found it, go to it as to an oasis and gain strength and courage to face the trials and battles of Life?

"

Thursday, December 31, 1931. Sunny.


Wayside Inn Boys School

Leap Year Dance

New Year's Eve

1931-1932

WAYSIDE INN BALLROOM

"The year is going - let him go!
Ring out the old - ring in the new!"
Ring it in we did - "with bells on". A cow-bell gave forth its clang as twelve o'clock arrived, and an unholy din arose when a huge bell, dragged in for the occasion as it has been on other New Years' Eves, added its voice to the babel. Streamers and other "conventional" New Year celebration aids helped give our dignified ball-room the appearance of

Leap Year Program

Waltz
Grand March
Sicilian Circle

LADIES NOVELTY

Heel and Toe Polka
Plain Quadrille
Circle Waltz
Polka Mazurka

RINGSIDE EVENT

5 MINUTE TIME LIMIT

PRELIMINARY BOUT

Michael Srodulski
Stephen Gooch

MAIN BOUT

Mr. Boyer
Mr. Hatch

Duchess
"John Paul Jones"
Schottische

REFRESHMENTS

Portland Fancy
Galop
Lancers
Varsovienne

OBSTACLE RACE

Mr. Borden
Mr. Sunbury
Mr. Mauro
Tom Hogan
Arthur Delaney

Badger Gavotte
Waltz

December 31 - continued.

levity and festivity which we associate with the last evening of the old year.

It was as tho a venerable patriarch, suddenly grown weary of "acting his age," had thrown off the shackles which bound him, and, for a few hours at least, had become gay and frivolous.

Decorations were red and white. The white ball-room itself made a perfect background for the many-hued dresses of the ladies and the dark garb of the men. Snow-flakes (of paper) appeared on the window-panes, and icicles - also of paper - hung from various points about the shall.

Music was furnished by a trio - violin, piano, and 'cello, and from 8:45 until nearly one o'clock the floor was covered with couples dancing. Round dances and square - all were alike - gracefully done and interesting to watch.

Not to mention the refreshments would be to omit an important item in the evening's activities. Delicious sherbet and cake appeared-and disappeared - and all during the evening the waitress serving the punch was patronized most assiduously. Those doing the patronizing were not the men,

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but their fair partners! This was proof positive that the legend on the programs was a true one: "Leap Year Dance."

To see the ladies hurrying across the ball-room floor in order to reach their desired partners was amusing, to say the least. To be truthful, they showed even greater anxiety to gain their ends than do the men on all other occasions.

The Inn had its friend, Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, as a guest to-night. Gracious and charming as usual, she had dinner and peeped into the ball-room for a moment to watch the revelry.

House guests, too, showed an interest in the festivities, and were interested spectators. Two of them had spent the last New Year's Eve at the Wayside Inn, and our heartiest invitation went to them to repeat their visit a year hence.

A Happy New Year
from
The Wayside Inn.
1931